THE 3.

UNHAPPY LOVERS:

OR, THE

Timorous Fair ONE.

A

NOVEL.

Being the Loves of

Artaxander & Mellecinda.

IN A

LETTER to the most Charming *CORDELIA.*

LONDON,

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THE UNHAPPY LOVERS.

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Unhappy Lovers:

OR, THE

Timorous Fair ONE.

NO Heart ſo tender, but Love tyrannizes without Pity. No Heart ſo well guarded but Love gets admittance. As well we may expect to ſtop the Currant of an Aquæduct with the Palm of our Hand, or Cloud the Sun with a Lady's Fan, as, by our feeble reſiſtance, to give check to the Great Conqueror of the Univerſe, Love.

If you have ever obſerv'd the Tinder, which being touch'd by a Spark, how it runs and roves about, and ſearches every Corner: Juſt ſo it is with our Hearts when touch'd by Love; which in its firſt Approaches, makes us

all the fair Promiſes imaginable; but how well they are performed, let him ſay who has felt the continual Inquietude that attends the moſt mutual Lovers, when abſent but a Moment: What Impatience do they feel, even to deſpair of ever being happy again? neither is their Pain altogether imaginary; for Misfortunes are extreamly incident to the moſt real Lovers: Not that I will pretend to meaſure the Truth of that Paſſion by the greatneſs of their Croſſes who are its Votaries: Neither will I ſay, as ſome believe, That Love is capable of a Surfeit, where 'tis fed by too much Happineſs. Madam, I will leave it to your Ladyſhip to determine, when you have conſidered the Story of *Artaxander*, who certainly might have been a Favourite to the blind Deity, unleſs the Ladies wanted Eyes; which to our Coſt we ſeldom find; for we know the Power of thoſe fatal Meſſengers of Death, eſpecially yours, Madam, of which I believe few are inſenſible.

I need not give your Ladyſhip a Deſcription of *Artaxander*'s Perſon, ſince I am perſuaded you know the Figure he made, which diſtinguiſh'd him from and above the common rate of fine Gentlemen,

men, being Young, Graceful, and well finish'd, as well by Art as by Nature; which last had been extreamly kind to him. Add to all his excellent Accomplishments, that he had the most generous Humour, soft and easie, with a Wit entertaining enough when he pleas'd; and only sharp when it was necessary. What I should think enough to say of him is, that he had the good Fortune to be preferr'd by the charming *Mellecinda*, before all the rest of the World.

And now, Madam, I have an Opportunity of drawing a Picture, which every body wou'd say at the first Blush, was made for that incomparable Creature.

But I must neither give you her Face, her Age, nor her Mien; for her Name is no longer conceal'd when her Beauty, and her other so particular Perfections are decypher'd; for who having said, *The most glorious Light of Heaven*, needs to add, *I mean the Sun.*

Pardon me, Madam, the Simile is not my own; but when I have call'd her your Ladyships most intimate Friend, I have given her a great Character, and what I am sure she values most.

Madam, *Artaxander*, by his Aſſiduity and conſtant Services, as well as by his extraordinary Merit, had found a very early place in the Heart of *Melletinda*; and, what has caus'd the greateſt of his Misfortune, the King had fix'd his Eyes upon him to do him ſome ſignal Honour, and told him, he had given Order, That his Commiſſion ſhould be drawn to command his Subjects in the Emperor's Service againſt the *Turks*; which being a Poſt the greateſt Men in that Court wou'd have been proud of, he kiſs'd his Majeſty's Hand, with Reſpect, tho' not with Joy.

Three Days was all the time allow'd him for the ſad Ceremony of his Departure from all that he valu'd upon Earth, leaving her to an infinite number of dangerous Rivals, had not *Melletinda*'s Vertue ſecur'd him from all fear of being ſupplanted in his Abſence.

Beſides, that before they parted, ſhe had given him ſome extraordinary Aſſurances, that ſhe cou'd not be capable of violating her Vows to him, little ſuſpecting the ſevere Tryals ſhe was to paſs: For the Dutcheſs her Mother, had conceived a perfect Averſion to the

Thoughts

Thoughts of *Artaxander*, and was the only one that hated him.

She was much overjoy'd at the News of his removal from Court, having lately ſuſpected that he was in her Daughter's Favour; and therefore concluded to marry her to ſome-body elſe, before the Campagn, cou'd allow of his return.

The indifference of *Mellecinda*'s Behaviour towards all her Lovers was alike; nor was *Artaxander* in appearance much more favoured. But among that number the old Lady had ſingled out one to be more happy than the reſt; *Lucidor* having the advantage of moſt Men in that Country for a great Eſtate; which was the only thing wanting to have perſwaded the Dutcheſs to lay aſide her Quarrel to *Artaxander*, and to make him her Choice, as he was her Daughter's.

But the defect of a large Fortune, is what ſhe cannot allow: ſo very partial are Parents to a covetous Humour which ſeizes them, and is truly a Symptom of approaching Age, forgetting their own Sentiments when they were young, and of a clear Judgment to make a choice, which then is very rare-

ly byaſſed by Intereſt, the Idol of the ſuperannuated.

She never failed to give *Lucidor* acceſs to her Daughter, and left not to ſpeak extravagant things in his Praiſe; which no body elſe could ſee.

If ſhe were here to give a Deſcription of him, it wou'd be juſt contrary to his Character; Of a little inſignificant Fellow, he ſhou'd be a large graceful Man, able to darken all that appear with him: Of an ill-ſhap'd Carcaſs, ſhe wou'd tell you he was of the moſt exact Symmetry; ſhe wou'd have you think his Wit as great as his Eſtate, when in Truth it was as little as his miſerable Humour.

However *Mellecinda* look'd upon him with other Eyes, and had a true eſtimate of his worth, which ſerved to encreaſe the Averſion ſhe had for him to that degree, that ſhe cou'd not hear his Name without ſome Regret; and yet was forc'd to admit of Ten thouſand Impertinencies from him every Day; and in return he was entertain'd with an unequall'd Scorn from her.

Yet

Yet cou'd not this Uſage break his Heart, for Fools never die of Love; all their Paſſions, as Love, Joy, Fear, or Grief, are by Chance: For in a Lover there is required a peculiar Spirit; yet *Lucidor* knew what he liked, and had an Inclination for *Mellecinda*, tho' he never told her ſo; but that was all one, he kept her in continual fear that he wou'd, being often left alone with her.

But theſe Opportunities were otherwiſe improved by him; for he wou'd toſs about his Head, laugh very loud, comb his Perriwig in the Glaſs, and doubted not but ſhe admired him; for he was a very great *Beaux* in his Heart, had a tranſcendent Impudence, and lov'd himſelf very well.

Thus his time went away faſt enough with Balls, and Entertainments, and a Reception enough to feed his Vanity; for the whole Family of the Dutcheſs, call'd him their young Maſter; and the Dutcheſs her ſelf took great Pains to ſpread a Report, That her Daughter liked *Lucidor* ſo well, that there wanted nothing but the Nuptial Rights to make them both happy.

Mellecinda too found it neceſſary to uſe a little Art in the Management of this Affair, knowing the Violence of her Mother's Humour when ſhe was bent to any thing, and therefore thought it her Part to be wholly paſſive, finding many lucky Remora's were in the way to obſtruct her ſpeedy Marriage: And finding too that the time of *Artaxander*'s wiſh'd for Return began to approach, ſhe reſolv'd to act an obſtinate Part, and by degrees, among her Friends, to make publick her Reſentments of ſo unkind Uſage; upon which, her Mother reſolves to carry her into the Country, to ſtop the Progreſs of this Diſcourſe.

The Dutcheſs acquainted *Lucidor* how things were, and that ſhe had Thoughts of going to his Houſe, which was in the remoteſt part of all that Country; and at the ſame time order'd, that it ſhould be given out, That at ſuch a time the Marriage had been ſolemniz'd privately; but for certain Reaſons it muſt be a Secret.

This Report often came to *Mellecinda*; but ſhe was aſſured it could not be true without her knowledge, and now a ſhort time

time ſhould put a period to the Diſpute. Both ſides acted their parts with contrivance enough, and *Mellecinda* never appeared ſo merry in a long time before; upon which ſhe obtained much more liberty of enjoying her own Company, and all the Diverſions they could chuſe, for the little time ſhe was to ſtay in Town, tho' indeed ſhe thought on nothing leſs than leaving it at all.

But theſe *Halcyon* days muſt not laſt; for Fortune, which is always at variance with Love, muſt act her treacherous part, and favour Fools: For at this time came an Account of a Fight in *Hungary*, wherein after doing Miracles, *Artaxander* was mortally wounded.

This News conduc'd ſo well to the Deſign of the Dutcheſs, and her adopted Son-in-Law (for more he can never pretend to be) that they fomented the Diſcourſe of his Death to that degree, that the whole Court gave Credit to it, and believed it moſt likely. He was generally lamented among the Ladies; but poor *Mellecinda*'s grief was inſupportable, for ſhe fell dangerouſly ill of a Fever, which the Phyſicians apprehended to be fatal; for both the ſymptoms and progreſs of her Diſeaſe were very ſtrange.

In

In this Diſtemper, *Gloriana* her dear Confident was admitted to be conſtantly with her, though the old Lady was but indifferently civil to her, and *Lucidor* hated her of all the Ladies about the Court. But the Company of *Gloriana* was a conſiderable Inſtrument in the recovery of her Friend; ſo that, after a long Conflict, *Mellecinda*, though againſt her Will, was obliged to accept of Life, though upon ſo ſevere Conditions, that ſhe could expect no great enjoyment of it.

Now the Air of the Country was judg'd neceſſary for her health, and ſhe remaining almoſt ſtupid both to places and things, was indifferent how they diſpoſed of her, at leaſt all of her which was in their power, reſign'd her ſelf to their diſpoſe, to carry her where they pleaſed, provided ſhe might have *Gloriana* to ſoften the Solitude ſhe propoſed to her ſelf, and the Goodneſs of *Gloriana* ſubmitted to any thing which might contribute to the ſatisfaction of *Mellecinda*.

But yet it was no ſmall addition to *Mellecinda*'s Affliction, that ſhe muſt be plagued with the Company of *Lucidor*, whom ſhe now hated more every day than other, beſides that he was really more bold. For having perſuaded the World

World that *Mellecinda* was his, he began to believe it himſelf, and uſe her accordingly; (for before ſhe had been two days in his Houſe, ſhe not knowing, nor had ſhe ever enquired whoſe it was) but he, together with her Mother, a Servant, and the Chaplain, entered her Chamber; and, after a very ſhort Preamble, her Mother told her, *Lucidor* is a Gentleman that deſerves you, and one whom I have choſen for you, and the World believes you his Wife already, and after ſo much Incouragement as you have given him, I muſt tell you I come thus attended to ſee you made ſo, not thinking your reputation ſafe to live in his Houſe under any other Circumſtances.

Then taking *Mellecinda* by the hand, ſhe ſaid, Here, *Lucidor*, take this hand which I give you in preſence of this holy Man, which will amount to a Contract; and I expect from her diſcretion, that ſhe will ſo approve my Choice, that ſhe may ere long finiſh what I have ſo well begun.

Madam, replied *Mellecinda*, my hand is not in your Ladyſhip's power, nor is my heart in my diſpoſe for this deſerving Gentleman: But if he will ever merit my eſteem, he muſt ceaſe to perſecute me with

with his hated ſight; and I do not believe your Ladyſhip would be content to ſee me for ever miſerable. At which Words, a new tide of grief almoſt drowned her in Tears, ſo moving to the good old Lady, that ſhe cou'd no longer forbear mixing ſome drops, at the conſideration of her overſight in carrying it ſo far, that it was almoſt impoſſible to recede.

The Greatneſs of her Humour wou'd not ſuffer her to ſhew her reluctance; ſo that ſhe went away in ſome haſte, and not without diſorder, which was obvious to *Mellecinda*, and which ſhe interpreted to her own Advantage.

Her Mother being gone, ſhe took the liberty to abuſe and affront *Lucidor* as ſhe was wont, which was the Expedient to be rid of him.

Mellecinda now long'd to tell *Gloriana* what had paſs'd, and to conſult what uſe to make of her Mother's pity which ſhe had obſerv'd, and of the abſence of *Lucidor* (for he had told her that he was called to *Syracuſe* by extraordinary Affairs, which he had the fooliſh Impudence to tell her now related as much to her as to him.)

Lucidor being gone, and her Mother not a little ſhaggreen, kept her Apartment, and was ſeldom ſeen, while *Gloriana* endeavour'd to divert *Mellecinda*'s melancholy Thoughts in walking in the Park, which afforded great variety of Shades and Receſſes, being a very ancient Place, and all the Trees well grown and flouriſhing.

Mellecinda's Thoughts were all of *Artaxander*, by what accident ſhe was acquainted with him, how by the ſofteſt degrees it encreas'd; by what pretty Art he ever begg'd her Friendſhip, but never wou'd pretend to aſpire; how her untaught heart underſtood not the Language of his Eyes, neither did know the danger ſhe was in; for no Diſeaſe is ſo infectious as Love. She was even pleaſed to think of their very parting, ſo obligingly and civilly he own'd and expreſs'd his Paſſion, which, till then, he had call'd by other Names. She remembers with complacency, that they changed Hearts, and Vows, and Souls, and glories in her ſelf that ſhe was not ungrateful; for *Artaxander* deſerv'd all.

She at firſt thought that a grateful return, which ſoon after ſhe found to be blown by Misfortune into the Fire of

Love

Love: Abſence to Love is like Oil to a greedy Flame, which makes it to blaze up higher, and burn more furiouſly.

'Twas in vain for *Gloriana* to raiſe any Diſcourſe that cou'd divert theſe pleaſing melancholy Thoughts; and oft as ſhe ſat by a Fountain, ſhe wou'd take an humour of writing on the Trees with her Diamond Bodkin, yet ſcarce knew what ſhe writ; but among many ends of Verſes ſhe engraved this:

In this Pleaſant Grove I continually wander
Since I have loſt my Dear——

She pretended not to Poetry, though never any Creature had a more refined Wit, and wou'd, by accident, often expreſs her ſelf in Verſe, which ſhe repeated with ſo good a Grace, that ſhe gave Life to the dulleſt, and was of that advantage to the fineſt, that the Author was extremely obliged to her.

But now, Madam, I muſt inform you that *Artaxander* is returned; and as ſoon as he landed he took his Journey to *Syracuſe*; but the firſt Days travelling brought him in the Evening to this Park, through which the Road lay. But being led rather by the prettineſs of the

 place

place than the directneſs of his way, or rather led by his good Stars, he accepted of the Invitation he had of reſting himſelf, being ſufficiently embaraſs'd, and not much accuſtomed to any Fatigue, except that of his Mind; which is not likely to find any Relaxation in the Abſence of *Mellecinda.*

He ſoon perceiv'd ſomething engrav'd in the tender Bark of almoſt every Tree about him; but when he read that which was left blank'd.

In this pleaſant Grove I continually wander
Since I have loſt my Dear ——

This gave him the Curioſity to conſider what Name fill'd up that Verſe; and finding it beſt ſupply'd by his own, he fanſy'd he ſaw ſomething of the excellent Character of his charming *Mellecinda.*

In a great Tranſport he ſaid to his Page that was near him, *Fly quickly to thoſe Shepherds, and let me know who of Note lives near this place.* The Page, who had always Wings in his Maſter's Service, ſoon return'd with this Anſwer, *That Madam, the Dutcheſs of* Bellayr, *had borrowed a Houſe in the middle of the Park*

Park from Lord Lucidor; *but that he himſelf was at* Syracuſe, *and that ſhe with* Mellecinda *and* Gloriana *had been there near a Month, very retir'd and privately.* Judge, Madam, if it's poſſible to expreſs the Joy of *Artaxander*, who, till that Accident, cou'd not have believ'd himſelf in the ſame Province with *Mellecinda.*

He immediately diſpatch'd his faithful Page to *Gloriana*, to whom he enclos'd a Letter to *Mellecinda.* And never were *Elyſium* Shades thought more pleaſant than thoſe in which *Artaxander* paſs'd his time. And as all things had conduc'd to render his Entertainment more delightful, he, by chance, ſaw a Paper lie neglected, almoſt hid with fallen Leaves; this he took the liberty to open, and found it to be *Mellecinda*'s Hand, with which he had been pretty well acquainted: But on peruſal, he was totally a Stranger to the Subject of it, being to this purpoſe:

Too late, I find, I did miſtake the Gueſt
I entertain'd in my too eaſie Breaſt;

And

And by the name of Friendſhip, have betray'd
My Heart to let in Love in Maſquerade.
I'm now convinc'd they differ'd but in name,
When they are equal they are both the ſame.
Friendſhip, I thought might always be allow'd,
Even to thoſe who ſtricteſt Life had vow'd.
And Love in me with as much Innocence was crown'd,
As e'er among the Veſtal Maids was found.
'Tis guilty death has made me know 'twas Love,
Which o'er my youthful Tenderneſs did move.
When Artaxander *ſigh'd, then I ſigh'd too;*
Yet knew not any Reaſon to do ſo.
My ſighing ſhou'd have been reſerv'd till now,
Tho' Grief will furniſh me with Sighs enough.
I'll looſe the Reins to Paſſion, let it fly
Without a Bluſh; I'll love his Memory.
Nor was the Love I paid him living leſs;
'Twas then ſo great it never cou'd encreaſe.
But this differs from all I've known before;
As Storms at Sea from what they do on ſhore.
At Sea we are confus'd, diſturb'd, and ſcar'd:
At Land we hear the ſame without regard.
Cruel is Fortune, which did firſt divide
Us, whom the ſureſt Vows of Love had ty'd.

Honour

Honour and Duty each has done its part,
And ſtrove by turns to break my ſinking Heart.
Their Sound was harſh in the firſt Lovers Ears;
More baneful than their Doubts and Fears.
Duty's ſtill light when Merit's in the Scale;
For Love o'er Duty always ſhould prevail.
Had Death ſtood neuter Love had won the Prize:
All things to Love had been a Sacrifice.

Had *Artaxander* been capable of admitting a ſuſpicious Thought, this Paper of Verſes had given him rather a Subject of Jealouſie, than any evincing Argument of *Mellecinda*'s unſhaken Conſtancy to him: For one part look'd as if ſhe regretted her Love; and the reſt appear'd all Riddle; for he knew no Reaſon to think ſhe lamented his Death: And yet his generous Soul cou'd not admit a Thought ſo much to her diſadvantage, as to think ſhe had entertain'd any other Love than his: *No*, ſaid he, *this muſt be ſome Stratagem, this piece of Treaſon can have no other Origin than that, perſuading her of my Death, by that means to make way to deface all Thoughts of* Artaxander, *and ſo to inſtall ſome happy Rival.*

No,

No, Mellecinda, *I know all their Plots will ſooner ſplit on thee, than our Love can ſuffer Shipwrack: Thou art a Rock immoveable, and can be acted by no higher Power than thy own; all thy Vertue and Goodneſs is in a high Perfection;* Artaxander *muſt be bleſs'd, maugre all the Efforts of the united Force of his Enemies againſt him.*

Thou ſhalt ſoon be convinc'd that Artaxander *lives, that* Artaxander *lives in his* Mellecinda; *and without her, Life were a Burden.* Then looking on the Verſes again, he inverted the laſt Words of them, and read them,

All things ſhall be a Sacrifice
To Mellecinda's *charming Eyes.*

By Heaven they muſt.

Honour, Fame, and Glory, all
That we can Good or Gallant call.

She merits more than all this world can give;
'Tis Life's beſt Bleſſing, if for her I live:
As little Springs contribute what they can,
By gentle flowings, to an Ocean.

All this while he had not conſider'd what was to be done, or how to diſpoſe

poſe of his Equipage, which was too conſiderable to remain long in that place without much Remark; for nothing there had ever been ſeen ſo fine.

All his Field-Cloths were cover'd with Feathers of pretty Colours, and ſo diſpoſed, that you ſaw very lively all the Birds you can imagine, in little Figures, changing their Shapes for others; as of a Peacock, you ſaw ſometimes a Parrot, ſometimes a Hawk; but if the motion were very violent, or if they were blown by the Wind, you could perceive nothing diſtinctly, for they fell all into Heads, Wings, Tails, and other parts promiſcuouſly, as if they were forming out of a new Chaos.

And this was deſigned an Emblem of Love, with this Motto wrought round in the Head of the Fringe, *L' Amour eſt un eſtrange Maiſtre, heureux ce luy que putè ne le conoiſtre.*

Having called for one of his Gentlemen, he bid him conſider where he might find a convenient Retreat that Night; which had been his Care before while his Maſter was otherwiſe employed, for he had learnt from ſome thereabouts, that a *Villa* was within half a Mile, which had a great Reputation every where

where for the beſt Spaw in *Sicily*; thither *Artaxander* order'd them to repair, but to ſpeak nothing but *French*, unleſs they had occaſion to converſe with the Inhabitants; and then, that one of them which was of that Country might Interpret, but upon their Lives to keep themſelves and him undiſcovered, for that he reſolved to paſs there for a Count of the Empire.

With theſe and ſuch neceſſary Orders, his Retinue was ſent away, he only reſerved one Servant with himſelf, and ſo fell to his old Diverſion of entertaining himſelf; which, to ſay Truth, had been the pleaſanteſt time he had ſpent ſince his parting from *Mellecinda*; tho' no Man living, under his Amorous Circumſtances, had a more dext'rous way of converſing with others; for tho' his Mirth was always conſtrained, yet nothing ever look'd more natural: It conſiſted not in much Laughing, but rather in ſaying ſo witty things on all Subject, that others might be moved, while he had only the neceſſary Air which is oppoſed to Moroſeneſs.

By this time we may follow his Emiſſary to *Mellecinda*, to make our Obſervation there.

Ar-

Artaxander's Letter being preſented to *Gloriana*, it found her alone with *Mellecinda* in a long Gallery, wherein was the Pictures of many unfortunate loving Ladies, in ſuch diſorder'd Dreſſes, as contributed much to their Beauty.

Among theſe was *Philomel*, working her Melancholy Story with a Needle, when *Tyreus* her hated Raviſher had cut out her Tongue, leaſt ſhe might declare her Wrongs to the World.

This being obſerved by *Mellecinda*; *See, my dear* Gloriana, ſaid ſhe, *How much leſs inhumanely am I treated? and, what adds to this Affliction, 'tis by the Contrivance of my cruel Mother. 'Tis true, they have left me the uſe of ſpeaking; but were it not for thy charitable Goodneſs, I ſhou'd ſee no body to converſe with or complain to, which comes much to the ſame purpoſe.*

While I am immur'd thus within theſe hated Walls, Lucidor *has a Victory enough to feed his Vanity: For by this Treatment you cannot imagine he ever lov'd me; ſo that I am not guilty of Ingratitude even to that deteſted Monſter of his Sex. Oh! my* Artaxander, *you cou'd never have uſed me thus: But ſince thou art gone, welcome Misfortune, or any Miſery leſs loathſome than what I now ſuffer.* Then

Then ſeeing *Gloriana* change colour as ſhe read her Letter; *My dear Friend*, ſaid ſhe, *I fear you are too ſenſibly affected with my Afflictions*; or, *what is worſe, you have ſomething which you wou'd hide from me*; *or elſe you find me to ſink ſo much under the Preſſure of my own Misfortune, that you will not add to the already inſupportable weight.*

Gloriana reply'd, *You may indeed read in my Face the Sentiments of my Heart*; *I have not learnt the Art of concealing any thing from you, neither is this what ought to be concealed*; *for I wou'd not have my ſurprize prevent my Joy.*

Then retiring into the Cabinet of *Mellecinda*, ſhe gave her the Addreſs, which was inclos'd to her from *Artaxander*; in which ſhe found theſe Words:

To *Mellecinda.*

'ALL things mend their Pace, and 'move ſwifter, the nearer they 'approach their Center. 'Tis only a 'tender Lover, in ſpite of Nature's Law, 'muſt keep a diſtance, and muſt perform 'thoſe cruel Ceremonies, by which your 'faithful Lover muſt be admitted to 'your Feet. For Heaven's ſake, Ma

'dam, contrive ſome way to eaſe my 'impatient Heart, leaſt I attempt ſome 'raſh thing, and ruſh into your Pre-'ſence.

'Since the beating of my tranſported 'Heart diſorders my Hand, let that 'diſorder ſerve to expreſs my Joy, to 'find my ſelf ſo unexpectedly near *Mel-'lecinda.*

'Pardon this haſte. I hope you wou'd 'not wiſh it leſs; for every Line re-'tards the Happineſs of

Artaxander.

She ſaw the Name, kiſs'd it; and as ſhe read, a ſtrange Confuſion ſeiz'd her; Trembling ſhak'd her tender Limbs; and before ſhe had made an end, ſhe fell back in her Chair, without ſaying one Word.

Gloriana now too late begins to reflect upon her inconſiderate Raſhneſs in not preparing *Mellecinda* to hear that *Artaxander* lived; her Fright was undoubtedly great, to ſee her in this Condition; leave her ſhe durſt not, and the diſmal Solitude for which they had choſen that part of the Houſe, wou'd not permit any body to hear the Charming

Con-

Confident, though ſhe often repeated her Cries.

Then recollecting her ſcatter'd Senſes, ſhe bethought her of a Bottle of rich Spirits, which were preſented to *Mellecinda* by a Jew, who brought it from *Greece*, whoſe Virtue was incomparable to reſtore even departing Life: So ſtrong were its Vapours which flew about upon opening the Bottle, which was of extraordinary value.

But I conſider the Jewels of the Phial inconſiderable, compar'd to what it held, ſince *Mellecinda* begins to find its Effects, and opens her charming Eyes.

As ſoon as her Strength wou'd permit, ſhe undertook to chide *Gloriana* in theſe Words: *Oh! why has your ill-tim'd Care of me brought me back to a World, more full of Miſery than any that is ſuppoſed after Death? Happy* Mellecinda, *hadſt thou breath'd thy laſt Air, which now muſt waſte in Sighs. For tho' my* Artaxander *lives, he is dead to me: For you know my unkind Mother, to juſtifie her doings, takes care to perſuade the World, that of my own choice I am married to* Lucidor.

Then raiſing her heavy Heart, ſhe ſighing ſaid, *My Honour forbids me to ſee lov'd* Artaxander; *at leaſt, till this Extravagance of my Mother's be a little over, or till it is better known in the World. And yet I cannot treat him ſo unkindly; Heaven knows the Violence I act upon my ſelf that I do not run to his Arms: He is mine, and I am only his; Love has confirm'd our free Choice. But my ſuppoſed Marriage with* Lucidor, *is all impoſed Banter on me, and on the credulous World; for you know that till this Moment I have not ſuffered him in my Sight, ſince that fatal Day of baneful Influence.*

Go, Gloriana, *go to* Artaxander, *tell him I am falſe; tell him any thing. But ſtay; ſo well I know his generous Humour, that the greatneſs of his Reſolution will not let him out-live the News; and then I am ſtain'd with the Guilt of his Death. No, my dear* Gloriana, *tell him, I am his, and only his; tell him the Story as my Mother contriv'd it: Say the occaſion of our Journey from* Syracuſe, *and all Occurrences ſince. But burſt, my Heart, when I muſt tell him, I dare not ſee him.* At this ſhe could no longer reſtrain her Tears, which ſtopp'd her Words.

Glo.

Gloriana was ſo moved, that ſhe remained a long time ſilent; but in concluſion, ſhe perſuaded *Mellecinda* to mitigate the News, if ſhe muſt be the Meſſenger, by writing to him. Many Arguments were brought by the ready Wit of *Gloriana* to prevail with her Friend: But none cou'd be more powerful than thoſe which were brought from the Danger that might accrue from the Gallantry and Paſſion of *Artaxander*, who ſhe knew in his moſt happy Days, had loved *Mellecinda* even to madneſs.

We are eaſily perſuaded to do what our own Inclinations rather drive us than lead us to; ſo that without thinking, ſhe writ thus to *Artaxander*, like one in a Frenſie or Fever.

To *Artaxander*.

'DEſpiſe me, hate me, do any thing 'that may break my Heart; but 'let my Honour live free from the in-'famous name of *Falſe*. And tho' by 'the deſign of my implacable Mother, '*Lucidor* would have forc'd my Hand: '*Artaxander* has my Heart. Let *Glo-'riana* tell you the fatal Story that 'prevents our happy meeting; for Grief

'ſtops my Pen, and Grief will ere long
'cloſe the Eyes of your

Mellecinda.

As I have always forborn Deſcriptions, Madam, I ſhall not begin with that of *Artaxander*, when he received this Letter from the Hand of the moſt beautiful Confident. Whether it was in reſpect to *Gloriana*, or ſome deep imprinted Revenge, deeper than that of a tranſient Paſſion, *Artaxander* on this occaſion governed himſelf to a Miracle, remaining immoveable all the while that *Gloriana* was telling him the Story of *Mellecinda*.

He only fix'd his Eyes on the dear Name of *Mellecinda*, as if he never would have done reading. He often kiſs'd it, though with ſo wild an Air, that you would have thought his Looks were now fierce and fiery, then ſoft and dying: Sometimes you might obſerve a melancholy ſcornful Smile, which ſufficiently intimated the various Commotions of his Breaſt, ſwelling at once with the Grief and Pride of his great Heart.

Then

Then after a long Silence, addreſſing himſelf to *Gloriana*, with an unwonted Reſpect; *Madam* (ſaid he) *I know your Goodneſs can forgive all Crimes cauſed by unfortunate Love, which abounds in me more than ever was in Mankind before. Fate has found out new and unnatural ways to make me the Object of its fantaſtick Averſion: But what Crime has ever been committed by innocent* Mellecinda, *that ſhe muſt ſuffer too?*

I muſt beg your pardon that I deſire to hear of nothing but Mellecinda. Then looking on the Letter, he ſaid (paſſionately) *Grief, cloſe thy Eyes, eternal Darkneſs would then be upon the whole Earth, when the Sun withdraws its Light. Let malignant Planets twinkle if they dare; thy light ſhall never be put out. No,* Gloriana, *the Gods have decreed it otherwiſe concerning* Mellecinda, *by Heavens they have, and* Artaxander *muſt be her Deliverer; circled by Guards of his Familiars,* Lucidor *ſhall fall like* Lucifer, *to Hell: If his own Guilt has not ſtruck him dead already, my Thunder ſhall, ere he offer any farther Violence to* Mellecinda.

Gloriana interrupting his growing Paſſion, ſaid, *Know,* Artaxander, *that 'tis the Command of* Mellecinda, *that you do*

not expose your Life, (in which she is so interested) the just Gods have Vengeance enough in store for such Crimes, as those of Lucidor, *without mortal aid; besides if he loves her,* Mellecinda *will break his heart.*

She never sees him willingly; and if, by the power of her Mother, she is forc'd to converse with him, 'tis at that distance, and with that scorn, that nothing under Lucidor's *Circumstances was ever so treated: And he too might find a gentler behaviour from* Mellecinda, *if he had but the Wit to lay aside his pretences of being her Husband.*

Ah! Madam, say not a Husband to Mellecinda; *for tho' a Rival, I shou'd have some deference for one that cou'd pretend to deserve that glorious Title: 'Tis true, I am, and for ever must be her Slave; which is more Honour than I have merited by all my Services.*

But, tell me, Madam, if you can, what does Mellecinda *mean by preserving* Lucidor, *whose Life is scarce worth my taking? You know her Laws are to me inviolable: But wou'd she indure that her Affronts and Injuries should go unpunish'd? And wou'd she have me live a Life as abject, and poor, and inglorious, as it is miserable? Be well assured, Madam, my Life is safe,* Mellecinda's

Image

Image will secure my heart; and yet I cannot think she has a thought in favour of my Rival: Her transcendent Vertues are but too well known to me; but if she has any concern for my Life, she will revoke her cruel resolve; for absence is of more danger to me than the Poniard of Lucidor: *By his base Sword I can never die; and without a sight of* Mellecinda *'tis impossible for me to live: To this truth, by our eternal Love, I swear.*

Gloriana, tho' very impatient to return to her Friend, yet wou'd she not leave *Artaxander*, without giving him the assurance of all the good Offices in her power; and if he wou'd but keep himself conceal'd, he shou'd in few days (by Accident) meet *Mellecinda* in that same Bower, tho' they are in great apprehensions of *Lucidor*'s return from *Syracuse* that very night.

Go then (said she) *to the Village where your Equipage is, and I will send my Page* Alby *to you, with this Signal; if I can prevail with* Mellecinda *to be abroad early to morrow, I will conduct her hither, which is her usual walk; then he shall have a blue Riband in his Cravat: But if she persists in her scruple of admitting you, then he shall wear a red one; and you must not appear till she is prepared to see you.* Thus parted

Artaxander, and his moſt incomparable Friend; ſhe to *Mellecinda*, and he to his Melancholy.

At her return ſhe found *Mellecinda* lock'd up in her Apartment with her Woman, who was called *Martinet*, who had been bred with her from a Child, and was all of her Favourite-Servants that were ſuffered to be about her, the Dutcheſs, her Mother, having put away even her Page, which was given her by *Artaxander*: And *Martinet*'s Mother too was one of the Conſpirators againſt poor *Mellecinda*, and a conſiderable Inſtrument of the old Dutcheſs, which render'd her Daughter leſs ſuſpected; tho' to ſpeak impartially, the Dutcheſs her ſelf was now grown very ſenſible of her unhappy miſtake, and was every day more weary of the inſolent behaviour of *Lucidor*, who in a little time caſt off all the reſpect wherewith he was wont to treat a Lady of her great Birth and extraordinary high Spirit.

When *Mellecinda* ſaw *Gloriana* enter her Chamber, ſhe did not riſe from the Bed on which ſhe lay, ſhe only raiſed her head on her hand; and with bluſhings, which were expreſſive enough, ſhe waited to hear *Gloriana* ſpeak firſt: But finding

ding her ſelf diſappointed; for *Gloriana* had not ſhak'd off the melancholy *Idea* of *Artaxander*, *Mellecinda* gave her opportunity, by enquiring how he behaved himſelf under the trouble ſhe apprehended him in. *For* (ſaid ſhe) *ſo great is my Vanity, that I cannot believe* Artaxander *is altogether inſenſible of my Wrongs, or that time has made any alteration in his heart.*

Then (ſaid *Gloriana*) *You have anticipated what I had to tell you, upon that Subject: But let me ſay to you, that it is not eaſie to diſtinguiſh whether grief or deſire of revenge have moſt poſſeſs'd his generous Soul.* Then informing *Mellecinda*, truly, all that had paſt, they both concluded it neceſſary to grant *Artaxander* an interview, that *Mellecinda*'s power over him might tie up his hands from purſuing thoſe Methods of Revenge, which they had reaſon to fear from a Man of ſo nice Honour. It was controverted on both parts a long time; but *Artaxander* ſafely obliged *Mellecinda* to comply; for ſhe allow'd her ſelf to be wholly *Artaxander*'s, and thought no Duty due to *Lucidor*'s uſurped pretences.

The firſt had taken an early poſſeſſion of her heart, and the latter was always the Man of her Averſion, and has not yet

yet by any generous or worthy Action rendered himſelf any whit more tolerable to her: For, in a word, he hated any thing ſhe loved, and ſeem'd to careſs every one whom ſhe hated; and, from firſt to laſt, acquieſs'd in a Parent's Right to govern, as if her Mother could tranſferr all her Privileges to a Stranger.

Thus they reſolved in favour of *Artaxander*, and thereupon *Alby*, Page to *Gloriana*, was call'd; and having tied a blue Riband in his Cravat, ſhe ſent him to enquire for *Artaxander*, by the Name of the *German* Count, who ſtaid in the Village to drink the Waters: His Meſſage was otherwiſe ſome very indifferent thing, not that ſhe had any miſtruſt of his Conduct or Fidelity.

You may eaſily judge that he was received by *Artaxander*, like a Harbinger of Light to one in darkneſs.

Artaxander was juſt giving Orders for his Muſick to give *Mellecinda* a diverſion that Night; for nothing was leſs in his Thoughts than ſleep.

He had finiſh'd a Song to be ſung under her Window by his Eunuch, who performed the ſofteſt Airs *extempore*, being one of the greateſt Maſters of his Voice that he cou'd procure as he paſt through *Italy*:

Italy: He only fail'd of the ſtrength that is common to thoſe that ſing in that Country; but the ſweetneſs of his Voice ſupply'd that defect, eſpecially in the Night, being join'd to the Guittar, on which he play'd, to render it more agreeable.

Artaxander conſidered not any ill Conſequence that might ariſe from ſuch a piece of Gallantry: All his Thoughts were upon ſeeing *Mellecinda* come to her Window; or that the Moon would be ſo propitious to give him her ſhadow; or if all elſe failed, yet ſhe ſhould know at leaſt that her Lover was not inclined to reſt.

About the moſt ſilent time of the Night, *Artaxander* arrived under the Window of *Mellecinda*: His Muſick playing, as at a great diſtance; but ſoft as it was, the wakeful Ladies heard it; and tho' they were extremely ſurprized to think how thoſe of the Family may cenſure and diſreliſh, what, to ſay Truth, pleaſed them well enough; however they hoped it might paſs for an aery young Nobleman, who was amorous of *Gloriana*: This Thought was very welcome, and what they reſolved to improve; eſpecially ſince that young Lord of a vaſt

Eſtate

Eſtate had publickly talk'd of Gallantries, nevertheleſs they thought it adviſable not to ſhew themſelves.

After a very fine Symphony, according to *Artaxander*'s Directions, the Eunuch ſung and play'd this Song:

I do not fly, inhumane Fair,
To ſhun that cruel Fate,
Which your heart-breaking Frowns prepare
For all that prove
Daring enough to date
Their ruine from your Love.

But that you may live in repoſe
Without a dying Groan,
That wretched Slaves, like me, diſcloſe;
By which it may,
Tho' not be overthrown,
Admit of ſome decay.

Then, Lyndamira, *be adviſ'd*
To let your Mercy ſhine,
'Tis that for which the Gods are priz'd;
And ought not you,
Who are like them divine,
Be perfect in that too?

Mellecinda cou'd no longer reſiſt the Temptation of raiſing the Saſh, at which all the Muſick ſtopp'd, by *Artaxander*'s Signal;

Signal; then he in a very low and mighty genteel Voice, without much of Art, repeated a Song extremely *a Propo*, and infinitely moving, which he ſung in *French*, leſt it might have made remark.

A Song.

To you, fair Cynthia, Cynthia, Cynthia,
'tis to you
That I muſt bow;
You, who ſecurely where you pleaſe
Can aim ſuch Lightning from your eyes,
That he who wou'd defend the blow,
Muſt an inglorious Victim fall,
Conquer'd and deſpis'd by you.
Conquer'd, &c.
Cupid *and* Venus *you dethrone*
By every Motion of your Eye;
And, Cynthia, *you ſhall reign alone,*
By much a greater Deity.

While their great Rebel, Rebel, Rebel, at your feet
Does thus ſubmit.
Then glory in the Slave you've made,
By Honour and by Love betray'd:
Be to the faithleſs Strephon *kind,*
And be to me a Tyger ſtill;
Then, then, then,
Like Love and Fortune, Cynthia's *blind.*

This

This Song was ſung by the *Eunuch*, all the Muſick playing very ſoft, making long Diviſions, and repeating often the laſt part.

Be to your faithleſs Strephon *kind,*
And be to me a Tyger ſtill;
Then, then, then, like Love and Fortune,
Cynthia's *blind*, Cynthia's *blind*, &c.

This laſted longer than an ordinary *Serenade*; and I am ſure *Artaxander* had never retired, had not *Mellecinda* firſt withdrawn; beſides that, the near approach of day gave him hope of a nearer Converſation more to his ſatisfaction and advantage, to which we will leave our longing Lovers. And,

Let us now enquire after *Lucidor*, whoſe buſineſs has detain'd him at *Syracuſe*; already too long from the Embraces of *Mellecinda*, of which he aſſures himſelf at his return; and if his Love cannot move her, he will try ſome other expedient, by exerting his Authority, which yet he has not done. In this fond reſolve he takes Poſt, and that Evening he arrived at his own Houſe, where his firſt Viſit is made to Madam the Dutcheſs, who immediately ſent her Woman to *Mellerinda*,

Mellecinda, to tell her ſhe muſt prepare to receive *Lucidor*, and to give him a better reception than ſhe was wont, to which was added her utmoſt diſpleaſure if ſhe diſobey'd.

Mellecinda now reſolv'd on what to do, hears her with leſs concern than was uſual; and ſince *Artaxander* lives, rather than ſuffer any violence, ſhe will fly into his Arms, which was the reſult of their Meeting.

To her Mother ſhe returned this Anſwer, That towards *Lucidor* ſhe muſt always be the ſame; and maugre all her Threatnings, which ſhe hoped carried no Reſolution, ſhe cou'd never be prevailed upon to ſee *Lucidor*: But at this time ſhe was ſo extremely indiſpoſed, that any Company would be very unſeaſonable and pernicious to her health.

Undoubtedly this Apology was very real; for the return of *Lucidor* had made her very ſpleenetick, and put her ſufficiently out of all Order or Patience.

The laſt part of the return was told to *Lucidor*, who that Night was obliged to acquieſs as formerly; but having retired to his Apartment, and his own Gang about him, he enquired into all the Occurrences ſince his departure, and particularly

cularly what concern'd *Mellecinda*, which he expected to hear at large from a Couſin of his, who was extremely diſguſted at the kindneſs of *Mellecinda* to *Gloriana*, and the great reſervedneſs with which ſhe was treated by her.

This ſecret Quarrel to *Mellecinda* put this ill humoured young Lady upon prying into all her Actions, and cenſuring the moſt innocent of them: She gave him an account of the *Serenade*; *Which* (ſaid ſhe) *tho' pretended to* Gloriana, *it was in truth to no other than* Mellecinda. *I have reaſon to believe it ſo, becauſe in the morning ſhe met a Gentleman in the Park; and though I got as near as I cou'd to overhear their Diſcourſe, I found it impoſſible without being detected; but concealed as I was, I cou'd obſerve a World of Kindneſs between them.*

And I hear 'tis reported that Artaxander *lives, and is return'd; and, if that be true, in all probability this muſt be he that lodges near the* Spaw, *and paſſes for a* German *Count.*

This glimmering was enough to ſtartle *Lucidor*, being conſcious that *Artaxander* was ſtill alive notwithſtanding the report of his Death, of which he had been the chief Author; and, no queſtion, he wiſh'd

wiſh'd it true from the bottom of his heart.

From this moment he began to be horridly jealous, and made a ſtrict ſcrutiny after the *German* Count, who, by the deſcription he had of his extraordinary Perſon, no longer doubted of the Truth of his too well grounded Suſpicion.

He ſcarce laid his eyes together that night, ruminating a thouſand things: Firſt, he thought, if this ſhould be *Artaxander*, how then he ſhould guide his Ship without ſplitting on ſo dangerous a Rock? For he was ſenſible that he had but a forcible poſſeſſion of *Mellecinda*, and that his Rival had her heart. He knew too that *Artaxander* would never ſit down quietly after ſo great an Injury, and that nothing but his Life cou'd atone, which a Man of ſuch Bravery wou'd never ceaſe to purſue.

But this Thought was more tolerable than the loſs of *Mellecinda*; for though perhaps his Love was not great, yet his Vanity was not to be equalled; and tho' *Lucidor* is ſaid not to want Brutal Courage, no body loves to paſs ſo ſevere a Trial when he is ſo notoriouſly in the wrong.

At laſt he concludes it beſt to acquire the Favour of *Mellecinda*, if it be feaſible, having ſo much the Advantage, as in the Eye of the World to be thought married: This he knows muſt be the chief Argument, for he is ſenſible of *Artaxander*'s greater Merit.

But after all, if this fails, there is no way but to deſtroy his Rival by one means or other.

In the Morning, as ſoon as *Lucidor* heard that *Mellecinda* was dreſs'd, he ſent to beg admittance; which being denied him, he came abruptly into her Chamber, but with much more Reſpect than was uſual with him. *Mellecinda* took no notice of him; though in all her Diſcourſe to *Gloriana*, he would have a part; till at length *Mellecinda* fell into a dogged Silence, which did but give him a farther Opportunity.

Then ſoftly addreſſing himſelf to her; *Mellecinda*, ſaid he, *How long will you glory in tormenting a Man that loves you; the Fault is not mine that I perſecute you with my ſlighted Paſſion, 'tis in your own Beauty; and I would die to remove that Averſion you have taken againſt me.*

Mel-

Mellecinda reply'd with a ſcornful Smile, *That, Sir, would be the only obliging thing you can do; and know, that while you live, I will continue to hate you.*

Madam, ſaid he, *Have you conſidered well what it is to hate a Man, for whom your Duty has obliged you to entertain other Sentiments? Have you weighed how much your Honour is concerned? The leaſt the World will ſay of it, is, That you love another better. Then the World ſays true* (ſaid ſhe;) *and for my Honour, that is ſo ſecure, that Guards of Gods can never make it more. Honour*, ſaid he, *'Tis a Fabrick, whoſe Foundation's Air, 'tis ſupported by the Vogue; and all our Endeavours are ſometimes too little to fix what's ſeated on their tottering Breath.* She reply'd, *While I preſerve Innocence, let them ſcatter their ſtinking Breath as they think fit. Then, Madam*, ſaid he, *you diſown thoſe Holy Ties, when your Mother honour'd me with your Hand, in preſence of my own Chaplain.*

Lucidor, ſaid the charming *Mellecinda, that which you baſely call a holy Tie, you know to be without any Conſent from me, and will but draw down Vengeance on your Head; and know that I would ſoon-*

er

er imbrace a Scorpion than you, were not my Vows to Artaxander *due. I,* Mellecinda, *while he lived he had better Entertainment than I have, though it be in my Power to uſe you ill. May I not force the Enjoyment of thee, finiſh my Marriage, and then leave thee for another that would be kinder. No, Monſter, not while there is a Penknife, or a Bodkin, or a crooked Pin, to ſend me to my dear* Artaxander: *I loved him living, and lament him dead.* And away ſhe flung; and having lock'd her ſelf up into her Cloſet, ſhe left him to proſecute what Malice, Deſpair, and Revenge can dictate to one of the moſt vindictive Men breathing.

From this Moment he endeavoured to make ſome diſcovery of the *German* Count; who by *Mellecinda*'s laſt Words, he had no great reaſon to believe to be *Artaxander*, or that ſhe had any certainty of his being alive; tho' he knew, that of late ſhe had hope of it.

But this could not long remain in Suſpence; for having ſent one, who perfectly knew *Artaxander*, to obſerve the ſuppoſed Count, he brought him Word, that it was certainly he; but that he was ſo diſguiſed, that it was not eaſie to detect him. *Lucidor*

Lucidor thought it highly expedient to diſſemble the Knowledge he had of *Artaxander*, and was ready to embrace his faithful *Meander* for this Diſcovery. *Now*, ſaid he, *I have the bane of all my Glories in my Toils, which I ſhall not fail to improve; being an opportunity put into my Hand by Heaven. I will immediately offer him my Sword and Piſtol; which if he refuſes, to ſave his life, I'll think on ſome other way to do my ſelf Reaſon.*

No, ſaid *Meander*, *you are the injured, and may be more ſo; for who can tell the Succeſs of a doubtful Combat? It is not impoſſible but the Advantage may lie on* Artaxander's *ſide, and then he will not fail to triumph even in the Enjoyment of* Mellecinda. *Leave the management of this to me, and you ſhall not fail of a good account of it.*

You know, my Lord, that the Keeper of your Lordſhip's Park is the ſtouteſt Fellow in the World for ſuch an Enterprize, as is uſeful on this occaſion; he is ſtrong and rough, and naturally as bloody as a Dutchman *at* Amboina; *beſides, he is honeſt, and can keep a Secret; him, by your Permiſſion, will I employ, and doubt not but your Revenge on that glorifying haughty Rival ſhall*

be

be performed as quick as thought: We cannot long want opportunity, for every Morning he rides out to take the Air in the Park, only attended by his Page. I will instantly about it, for delays are equally dangerous, whether we love or hate.

The inclining *Lucidor* found all his Arguments undeniable, and the whole Method which he had propoſed, to be very feaſible, and well enough for a prudent Man, tho' not altogether conſiſtent with the Rules of Honour.

Lucidor diſpatch'd away *Meander*, with all the Promiſes of Preferment, and grateful Acknowledgments of his Service. Him he knew to be Maſter of as much Subtlety and Villainy as was requiſite to ſubvert an Empire.

All this while *Artaxander* had no Plots in his Head, but how to ſee his *Melecinda*, and to hear from her, when he cou'd not have Opportunity of meeting her.

'Tis not eaſie to determine which waited with moſt impatience for the Morning, though Love be very wakeful, and thoughtful, and full of little Projects, Revenge is moſt ſedulous, and active, and oft meets with beſt Succeſs.

The

The Day brings both *Artaxander* and *Meander* abroad, with differing Errands: The faithful Villain fails not of his Ambuſcade which he laid, placing the Keeper and his Comrade, behind a Hedge, in the moſt ſtrait part of a narrow Lane, which leads to the Grove where *Artaxander* uſed to light and walk. The Stratagem lay ſo, that *Meander* was to meet him and hold him in Diſcourſe, to make the Ruffians a ſurer Aim.

They waited not long for *Artaxander*, who thought himſelf bleſs'd in the very ſight of the place, where he laſt had an interview; to that happy Grove he directs his way; and as he met *Meander*, after ſome impertinent Accoſtment, which was to be the Signal, both the Aſſaſſins fired at once; but having made ſome noiſe behind the Hedge, the Horſe ſtarted, by which Accident, *Artaxander*, though one of the fineſt Riders in *Europe*, ſitting careleſly, loſt his Stirrops, and fell, without receiving any more than a fleſh Wound in the Thigh, their Peel of Shot being only fatal to the poor Horſe, who fell ſoon after.

Artaxander having ſeized his Piſtols, would have fought the Rogues; but they ſeeing him fall, were ſufficiently ſa-

tisfied, and made their Escape; while *Artaxander*'s Hurt obliged him to return upon his Page's Horse.

Meander hasted to bear the News of his Success to his Master, who thought fit to dissemble his Joy, and give out, That the *German* Count was in the Park in disguise, and meeting the Keeper, he gave him ill Words; which so provok'd the Fellow, he being at his Duty, that he thought himself obliged to require a better Account than he was willing to give of himself, though a Stranger; on which the Count was unfortunately kill'd through his own Fault.

You may easily believe, that *Melleciada* might not have been one of the last that had received this dismal News; but that Providence so order'd it, that it came first to *Gloriana*'s Ears, who took effectual ways of concealing it from her Friend: But she sent her Page immediately to enquire the Truth of this Misfortune, which she did not doubt was by the contrivance of *Lucidor*.

The Page returned with the Truth of this surprizing Adventure, and gave her the Assurance from *Artaxander*'s own Mouth, that he was very well, and his Hurt of no danger; which to evince, he

he had ſent a Letter to *Mellecinda*, leaſt ſhe might believe him raſh or indiſcreet.

Gloriana's Joy was now equal to the trouble ſhe had at the firſt Tydings; and ſhe hoped ſome good Event would iſſue from this Action, which all the World muſt conclude ſo baſe; ſo ſhe might hope too, that perhaps it might make ſome conſiderable Alteration in the Affairs of *Mellecinda*. For now *Artaxander* is no longer conceal'd, *Mellecinda* muſt raiſe her Spirit publickly to avow her Obligations to him, and the Injuries ſhe lies under from *Lucidor*; and 'tis not impoſſible but the Dutcheſs may be brought to Reaſon; for no one was ever a greater Enemy to baſeneſs.

With theſe, and a Thouſand other Conſiderations, ſhe went to *Mellecinda*. After preparing her with great Dexterity, ſhe inſinuated the whole Story, and gave her the Letter; which ſhe knew to be *Artaxander*'s own writing.

To *Mellecinda.*

Madam;

'YOU ſee the Fates have a ſingular
'Concern to protect where you de-
'light to beſtow your Favours; nor
'could the ungenerouſneſs of my Rival,
'tho' *Meander* and other Villains, were
'the Inſtruments, once reach a Heart ſo
'intirely yours, as is that of your faithful

Artaxander.

Scarce had they made an end of read-ing, when they had notice that the Dutcheſs was coming that way; and you may eaſily believe they knew the reaſon of this Viſit; and there-fore prepared all things to receive her; not ſo much as a Look out of Order; not a Look now had the Power to be-tray a Thought on either ſide.

The Dutcheſs too appear'd with an uncommon Gaiety, at leaſt ſuch an Air as ſhe had not put on to *Mellecinda* for a long time before: And as ſhe ſat down, ſhe ſaid to *Mellecinda*, *I have concluded to go to* Syracuſe *to morrow*: *I believe I*

ſhall

ſhall not want the Concurrence of Gloria-na, *however your Thoughts may be averſe* To which *Mellecinda* reply'd, *Madam, ſince I did not diſpute your Ladyſhip's Commands in leaving that Place, much leſs ſhall I decline your Reſolution to return.*

After much Raillery upon indifferent Subjects, the old Lady naturally and inſenſibly fell into Diſcourſe of the Place; and from thence ſhe talk'd of *Lucidor*; which all the dexterity of the young Ladies could not divert: Yet it was obvious enough that *Lucidor* leſſened in her Eſteem, and that ſhe had received ſomewhat to his Prejudice: *For*, ſaid ſhe, *methinks the World is very unequally diſpoſed, while ſome Men have infinitely more than they deſerve; and others have leſs than their Merit may lay a juſt Claim unto. Yet it has always been ſaid, That once in our Lives every body has a fair Opportunity of creating their own Happineſs; which being neglected, we have nothing left but the intruding Remembrance of what is paſt: Not that I will avow my Thoughts to be the ſame with thoſe who place their ultimate Happineſs in the Affluence of Riches; but all will concede to me, That without a Competence, our very Love chills, and*

loſes the vigorous Reſolution which it ſeems to put on, when we perſuade our ſelves into warm Deſires.

I own to you, that I do not find Mellecinda *does ſo much as endeavour to mitigate her hatred to* Lucidor, *who has a great many good Qualities to render a Wife eaſie in the World. I allow the firſt thing that can recommend him, is his great Eſtate, which may very well ſupply a ſmall defect in his Wit, which does only want the finiſhing ſtrokes of Accompliſhment; for his Underſtanding is enough for his own Buſineſs: And thoſe Imbelliſhments which you Ladies expect, are ſo frivolous, that they tend moſt to make a Man an ill Husband, and do rather render him well to other Women than his Wife, who will be expected in a little time to value him upon more ſolid and laſting Advantages.*

I will not contrive a Parallel between Lucidor *and any of your admired fine Things, becauſe nothing but time, and a nearneſs of Acquaintance, can, by rubbing away the Duſt from him, make him appear bright.*

Pardon me, Madam, ſaid *Gloriana, if you take away his Duſt, you leave him nothing that can be valued; for he is deficient in the moſt eſſential part of a Gentleman; which is, the Punctilio's of Honour;*

and

and when that is wanting, from what Principle can you expect any thing either generous or good.

'Tis true, said the old Lady, *he suffers in the Opinion of some, as if he had contrived the assassinating a Gentleman by some strange mistake, believing him to be another; but I hope 'tis but a false surmize. However 'tis not convenient that* Mellecinda *should remain any longer here under the Part she is said to have in this unhappy Accident: I believe you have heard the Story, but that part of it I cannot credit.*

Mellecinda, who thought *Gloriana* had engaged too deep in a Discourse of that nature, knowing her Mother only designed to make some Discovery; and not imagining what could be the meaning, she sat in terrible pain, while *Gloriana* pursued. *Were it true,* said she, *that the unhappy Gentleman, who is said to be kill'd, as being a Lover of* Mellecinda: *If it had been really so, as no question* Mellecinda's *Beauty has given her many Admirers, I have always thought, that if any particular Man had pretended an Interest in her, he would have signaliz'd himself, by bravely encountring his Rival in the Field; of which* Lucidor *could not*

have wanted Opportunity, if the German *Count be the same that* Lucidor *took him for.*

Though *Mellecinda* was not a little concerned at this Discourse, yet she seemed not to regard it, but sat counting the Sticks of her Fan, till her Mother wak'd her out of her seeming thoughtfulness, by giving her some grave Advice, how she should govern her self in Love Affairs; *which,* said she, *is the dangerous* Rubicon *that all young Ladies do pass once in their Lives, like the Small Pox, which does not more disfigure the Face, than the other does the Mind. Love has a quality of divesting the Soul of all its Faculties to that degree, that you shall think or speak of nothing but Love: I hope* Mellecinda *is too young to feel its power; but if ever she does receive an Invitation of that sort, summon all your Reason to your Aid against its Flattery, for if it prevails you are undone.*

She added some Persuasions for her civil Behaviour toward *Lucidor*; and so went away, leaving them apprehensive, that she had a Suspicion of *Artaxander,* which occasioned her so sudden Removal.

That

That which they once wiſh'd of all things, is now become too near them: For to depart without ſeeing *Artaxander*, is what *Mellecinda* cannot perform without great Reluctance; and yet in this Juncture it's impoſſible to be otherwiſe; for he was not yet in a Condition of leaving his Chamber; beſides that ſo many Eyes were upon him, and them, that they can only give him an Account of their ſudden departure; to which they added every thing that they could believe would conduce to his Satisfaction: and, to ſay truth, the Scale of Affairs was very well turn'd.

For *Meander* and his Aſſociates, having acknowledged the killing a Man, the Inquiſitors came to examine into the Matter, and ſeized on the Keeper, demanding where the Body lay which had been ſo barbarouſly murdered in the Park. To which the ſurly Keeper anſwered, *That he only did as he was commanded by his Lord and* Meander, *who having laid the whole Contrivance, could beſt give an Account of it.* *But*, ſaid he, *I can ſhew you where I left him, and have not ſeen the Gentleman ſince; and I ſhall not grieve if I never ſee him again.*

Being arrived at the place where *Artaxander* was aſſaſſinated, they found great ſtore of Blood, and the Horſe lying dead. *Now*, ſaid one of the Officers, *Where have you ſent the worthy poor Gentleman that you have murthered with this Horſe?*

To Heaven, ſaid the Keeper, *and that is the beſt place I can wiſh him at preſent: but if I had him here again he ſhould never go there for me.*

Lord bleſs us all, ſaid one of the Officers, *what a Bloody-minded Fellow is here. Hearke ye, Friend, if all Keepers be ſuch cruel Men as you ſeem to be, you make nothing of killing your Maſter's Deer.*

If I muſt hang for him, I would not care if my Maſter and you were at Old Nick *together*, ſaid the ſurly Keeper: *but let us do our Buſineſs; for I find that* Meander *has play'd us all a Knaviſh Trick, and has lugg'd the dead Body into ſome hole or other: For tho' they ſay men walk after they are dead, I never knew a Corps walk before it was buried; therefore 'tis plain, this man did not go away of himſelf.*

Let us act like wiſe men, and take Meander *and my Lord too, if you pleaſe, for they are both Guilty, and I will ſwear it for*

the

the King, that they both had a hand in this Murther.

This discovery of the Keeper soon came to *Lucidor*, who immediately fled one way, and *Meander* another: But *Lucidor* did not give himself time to take leave of the Ladies, who made extraordinary great Mirth at the mistake; for they apprehended it rightly: However they knew the real *Artaxander* was safe.

The Keeper was carried strait to Prison, and raved, like one distracted, at his Lord for running away, and leaving him to hang by himself. All this while he persisted, That he knew of the death of a Man; but could give no account who it was: Some said it was the *German* Count that lodged in the Village; but what made the thing more intricate was, that the Count himself was missing from his Lodging, and those of his Servants that remained there, could give no Account of him, otherwise than that they did not believe he had been killed, at least they hoped so.

Artaxander no sooner heard that *Mellecinda* resolv'd on her Journey the next Day, but he prepared that very instant to be before her: So that without ever having appear'd that Night, he went away

away in his Bed Coach, taking with him his Chyrurgeon, who was his own Barber; Thus continued he *incognito*, till he arrived at the House of a Lady, who was his Aunt, within one day's Journey of *Syracuse*, and there he appeared publickly as if he were on his way to make *Mellecinda* a Visit in the Country; but he did not make his Aunt a Stranger to all that had pass'd since he landed, which conduc'd much to the carrying on this present Affair.

As soon as the Dutchess of *Bellayr* came to Town, Madam *de Cereleu* (for so was the Lady called) being attended by *Artaxander*, made the necessary Compliments to a Person of her great Quality; which the Mother of *Mellecinda* found her self under an Obligation to receive, tho' at the same time she wish'd it cou'd be otherwise.

Mellecinda received her Lover without any surprize, and with great modesty; and he observed all the Rules of Discretion as well as good breeding; but what was very extraordinary, the Dutchess of *Bellayr* held a particular Conversation with *Artaxander*, and congratulated his return, tho', with an Air that convinc'd him that he ow'd it more to her good

Breeding

Breeding than any alteration in her Sentiments toward him.

Madam *de Cerelen* resolv'd that nothing shou'd be wanting to make the Entertainment splendid; but *Artaxander* took the liberty to make many Additions, even to an old *Roman* Luxury. All stood in admiration at his Conduct, who knew the Love between him and *Mellecinda*; for this night all his Gallantries were address'd to her Mother, and when they walk'd, he had the honour of her hand; and tho' she knew very well the source of all this, yet was she constrained to allow the vast disproportion between her Daughter's choice and hers; for *Lucidor*'s brutish departure from his own House so abruptly, without making a civil Apology, is what never cou'd be forgiven him; the rather is moved to recount all his behaviour during her stay there, whereof many Circumstances may be thought very strange.

The remainder of that Evening, and the Night, was spent in all the Divertisements and Pleasure imaginable; only dancing was left out, for two Reasons: The first and chief was, That *Artaxander* cou'd not bear to see *Mellecinda* dance with another; and most likely she might no

not have fallen to his ſhare, as things ſtood: The other was, That *Artaxander*'s wound in his Thigh wou'd not permit him to uſe any Exerciſe of that ſort, without appearing lame, which he endeavour'd to conceal as much as he cou'd, though the wounds he had lately received abroad was a ſufficient Reaſon to render him leſs active: But, in fine, his Aunt made this excuſe to *Mellecinda*; and ſhe did not ſcruple to own her tenderneſs when *Artaxander*'s health was concern'd.

Nor was there any miſs of Dancing, it was ſo well ſupplied by a well ordered and ſplendid Maſquerade: In which all were admitted, whoſe Dreſs recommended them, only the Ladies of the Family, including the Dutcheſs of *Bellayr* and her Company, were bare-fac'd, and ſo were *Artaxander*, and all the Men who had been preſented to the Dutcheſs.

Madam, I will preſent your Ladiſhip with a deſcription of this Maſquerade, becauſe it was ſo very uncommon and infinitely glorious.

The Company being led into the Garden, they were conducted into a Walk, with a ſtately ſpreading range of Trees, which was arch'd over by a row of Fountains;

tains; which threw up such vast quantities of Water over the Trees into a Canal, both from small and great Pipes, that it made a sound very full of Harmony. And while their ears were thus entertained, their eyes were not less agreeably diverted: For no sooner was the Curtain drawn betwixt day and night, but the Sun's light gave way to an infinite number of chrystal Branches, so well disposed among the Trees, that the leaves did not appear thicker than the small Lights, of which some glimmered, and some were bright and radiant; some in one shape, and some in another, that you seldom found two of the same likeness; the greatest and most resplendent were those which appear'd through the Eyes of little *Cupids*, which every where peep'd thro' the Boughs with such an Air, as if Love were always happy.

Through the whole length of this vast long Walk, the rays of Light so mix'd with the Water that arch'd above, that every where you might observe in strange wild Characters the Name of *Mellecinda*, in great variety of pale Colours flying about, and every little Love catch'd at the sportful Letters and Syllables as they past, and with eager haste discovered them half framed, as i

by

by the fair *Mellecinda* they were maintained, and nouriſh'd, and kept alive.

At the end of this Walk you were led by ſix broad aſcents of black and white Marble into a large ſquare Houſe, which ſtood upon ſmall Alabaſter Pillars.

The Roof was lined with Looking-glaſſes, one ſo diſpoſed againſt the other, that you wou'd have thought the Proſpect laſted to an infinite height; and as it reflected the Lights which were below, it appeared all on a Flame.

In the middle was a great Statue of well burniſh'd Braſs richly gilded, and from the Crown of his Head iſſued the ſtock of a Tree, which branch'd it ſelf round the Figure, and every branch afforded variety of Fruit; on one Bough was Oranges, and on another Lemons, a third had Nectarins, and the next had Pomegranates; and ſo you had Grapes, Figs, and what Fruit you wou'd name, ſome here and there, having paſt the Confectioner's hand.

Thoſe in Mask were richly dreſs'd, though fantaſtick enough; one repreſenting Beauty, her Train was made up of the ugliеſt Creatures that ever I ſaw: her Addreſs was ſmiling and extremely obliging, but ſhe ſeem'd in great reſerve

before

before her Retinue; which being obſerv'd, all begg'd to know the reaſon; to which ſhe readily replied, *You muſt conſider Beauty wou'd be too happy, were ſhe to be ſerved and attended only by what ſhe loved; for whatever your melancholy Thoughts may be, we have our Cares and Afflictions as well as you.*

Can you believe that of all this number I dare not admit of a Favourite to be conſtantly about me? And then ſhe moved her Breaſt as if ſhe had ſigh'd; (but continu'd) *Once I had a Friend, but I was an Infant when the Youth went away: I cannot ſay that he forſook me; for he was driven away by thoſe airy Nymphs you ſee there, Vanity and Inconſtancy, for Truth (ſo was he called) cou'd never agree with them; and, for my own part, I never liked him, but preferr'd that grinning Fool, Flattery, before him. You ſee her making all her Airs and Grimaces indifferently to every body; beſides what conduc'd much to his Baniſhment, was, That they had poſſeſs'd me with an Opinion, that in time the lovely Youth wou'd grow a Tyrant, and uſe me ill, which I dreaded of all things; finding a little roughneſs in his Nature, I feared the worſt, and believed all they told me of him.*

To be ſhort, ſince that bold, brave, well-

ſpirited

ſpirited Creature withdrew, I never had any body of Courage enough to defend me from theſe ugly Devils in your view, which will pry into, and haunt my moſt private Receſſes.

You ſee Envy with a Quiver full of Arrows, wing'd like thoſe of Love, but they want Points, and ſo can do but little hurt; beſides I deſpiſe her. Her Siſter Spight does me more miſchief; that is ſhe with a long lean Face, pale and yellow, never leaves any thing untold that ſhe ſees: But the moſt malicious of all is Jealouſie, with her Noſe long and hooked; all that is good in her is her Eyes; (I wiſh they were out) ſhe haunts me when I am in Bed, and doggs me all day when I am up; ſhe is the only one of the Crew that gets admittance among Men: But 'tis out of their Power to give me any Umbrage from that Lady, who having been once a kind of Beau her ſelf, gets into their Company I know not how: She can affront me in the midſt of all my Guards, and eſcape unſeen. That fantaſtick old Devil appears in all ſhapes, and is generally well dreſs'd: She ſometimes keeps the beſt Company, though ſhe is of no quality.

I cou'd beſt away with Flattery, becauſe her want of cunning lays her open ſo much in ſight that ſhe can do but little miſchief;

beſides

beſides ſhe is a good-natur'd Fool, and I find her well entertain'd among all Sexes, and among all Qualities. I too ſhould ſuffer her, were ſhe not in the place of Truth, which Lindamira, *who at preſent I chiefly ſerve, will have reſtored to his place, and will undoubtedly give him a kind Reception maugre all his Enemies; and I am ſure no body can better protect Truth from Flattery, Vanity and Inconſtancy, than the incomparable* Lindamira.

Hearing this, *Mellecinda* bluſh'd, knowing that *Lindamira* was a Name by which ſhe was called among her moſt intimate Friends; but this was unobſerved by all but *Artaxander*, whoſe Eyes were continually upon her.

Lucidor finding that he was likely to loſe *Mellecinda*, as if the Devil had ow'd him a ſpight, grew paſſionately amorous, and at a diſtance had follow'd her.

By means of this Maſquerade he had an opportunity to be a Witneſs of *Artaxander*'s Happineſs, and his own Misfortune.

He ſwell'd inwardly to think himſelf ſo fool'd by *Meander*, who had kill'd ſome body elſe inſtead of his Rival; for he ſees *Artaxander* lives while he himſelf is dead to the World.

Having

Having ſeen enough of *Mellecinda*'s Charms, and *Artaxander*'s Gallantry, he cou'd no longer ſupport his drooping Spirits; Concluding it more tolerable to ſuffer the threatning Death, the Reward of his Villainy, than to ſee himſelf the ſport of adverſe Fortune, he attempted to withdraw, to conſider what retrieve cou'd be had in ſo conſiderable an Exigency, being at a loſs how to ſteer between this *Dilemna* of his Fate: But it requires a wiſer Head than his, to extricate himſelf out of ſuch a Labyrinth of Afflictions, as this, in which he was then immerged: If he returns home, the Ghoſt of the *German* Count haunts him; if he purſues *Mellecinda*, the real Apparition of *Artaxander* diſtracts him; for he muſt ſeldom expect to ſee *Mellecinda*, but *Artaxander* will be near her; and though Love cou'd never prevail with *Lucidor* to be melancholy, yet Shame and Danger are powerful Perſuaſives.

In theſe Animadverſions he had not paſt the Garden, when inſenſibly he wheel'd about, and in a moſt dejected poſture had ſo planted himſelf over againſt *Mellecinda*, that in an inſtant he attracted the Eyes of all the Company; for tho' his Dreſs was well, yet the aukard

aukard Figure he made look'd like a Member of *Bedlam*.

They all expected that he had ſet himſelf ſo forward to make a Speech; but being obſerved by *Lucidor*, he miſtook the reaſon of their Wonder, and apprehended that he was diſcovered; ſo following the Dictates of his Guilt, he fell into the greateſt Confuſion, that had not his very power of betraying himſelf been taken away, he had made ſome Apology to the Dutcheſs; or elſe have done ſome ridiculous thing, to have made him worthy of the great Character he had in the World.

But I leave him, as far as 'tis poſſible, to give you a pleaſanter part of the Story, tho' there is no fitter a Subject; for comely *Otter* and his Horſe was an Aſs to him; yet *Mellecinda*'s Stars will not allow me to purſue this Hiſtory, without ſullying my Paper ſometimes with the Name of *Lucidor*, who has ſo great a part in it, and ſo great a ſhare in creating the Misfortunes of that moſt excellent young Lady.

Pleaſure and Diverſion ſoon flutter'd away the time of their remaining at the Houſe of *Artaxander*'s Aunt, and upon the Wings of an Eagle conducted them

to

to *Syracuſe*, the Scene of Adventures, and the Stage whereon is acted the greateſt things of the World.

No ſooner had *Artaxander* arrived there, but he went to kiſs the King's hand; and having performed thoſe things at Court which belong'd to him to do, he made his Duty give way to his Love, and flew to enquire after *Mellecinda*, having ſent before to know how the Ladies were after their Journey. The Houſe of the Dutcheſs was about a League from the Town, to which the Road was very pleaſant; and particularly ſo to *Artaxander*, as it led to *Mellecinda*, the Center of all his Happineſs, rather than that it lay through one of the King's Parks.

He found *Mellecinda* and *Gloriana* walking in the Road, to take the Evening Air after the Sun was ſet, which he look'd upon as a good Omen of his future Happineſs. They ſaved him the Trouble of paying a Complement to the old Lady, by telling him ſhe was indiſpoſed, and had retired to Bed, which was what he cou'd have wiſh'd.

After talking of many indifferent things, and things entertaining, of which he found the Court pretty well furniſh'd,

as

as to thoſe who have been a little while abſent 'tis always ſo, though to thoſe who are more fix'd, 'tis intolerably dull, and every body's Fancy is on the rack for things new: But what moved their Mirth to the higheſt, was the comical Story of his Rival; which was improved to that degree, that when they had compared all the Circumſtances, *Artaxander* found little cauſe of Envy, and *Mellecinda* had no reaſon to fear any future attack from that diſcarded Lover. But thoſe pleaſing Moments that were contrived for the Converſation of *Artaxander* & *Mellecinda*, were not often miſemploy'd: An infinite number of ſoft things crouded out the impertinent Diſcourſe that uſually paſſes among others, and made way for things more tender: Nothing had power to afflict but the intruding thoughts that their Bliſs muſt have an end, though they cou'd not imagine how. But what we hold moſt dear to us, (not to ſay what we overvalue, becauſe true Happineſs can never be too high in our eſteem) has ſo many Checks, and Fears, and Inquietudes concerning the duration of it, that we are hardly ſaid truly to enjoy the preſent, if we can admit of the venomous and imbittering care of what may be to come.

come. I own I hold it moſt reaſonable to make a retroſpection, and by looking upon the pleaſanteſt parts paſt to raiſe my expectation and hope; and if ever I do think on Misfortunes paſt, it ſerves to inhance the value of a preſent Pleaſure without mixture of Alloy: And this, I am confident, was the Sentiment of *Artaxander*; however the Lady, leſs practiſed in the Art of uſing the World, admitted of frightful *Ideas*, which is a ſhape Duty always aſſumes when it incroaches on our Will.

She repreſented her Mother not throughly reconciled to the Man ſhe loved above all things; then, with a languiſhing Smile (ſaid ſhe) *I know not from what Quarter our Happineſs may be attacked, you can never doubt of my everlaſting Fidelity; and yet——Ah,* Mellecinda (ſaid *Artaxander*) *what can interrupt thoſe kind Words of yours? Suppoſe the worſt that can happen, what but Death can intervene to make us leſs happy? 'Tis in your power to make me as much more ſo as Fruition is beyond hope or expectation; then take heed of thoſe delays that, like the wrong end of a Proſpective, repreſents the thing we look at far more diſtant than really it is.* *Mellecinda* changing her Air to ſomewhat more of Gaiety, replied;

plied; *But I hope your Proſpective does not render the Object ſmaller too. No, Madam,* (ſaid he, with eager haſte, kiſſing her fair hand) *No,* Mellecinda, *no diſtance of time can ever be able to leſſen you to me; all-eating time can never deface the Image which you have erected in my heart; that is ſo fixed to the very Eſſence of my Soul, that my Love and I muſt paſs together into the next World, and be everlaſting.*

She rather ſpake with her Eyes the pleaſure ſhe had in the careſs of her Lover, than by any Repulſe to ſhew a diſlike to his Perſuaſions, which he reiterated with the beſt Arguments Love could furniſh him with; but notwithſtanding ſhe ſtill obſtinately perſiſted in her reſolution of trying the utmoſt endeavours to procure the Conſent of her Mother, before ſhe ſolemnly join'd hands.

In Concluſion (ſaid ſhe) *Artaxander, I will leave nothing unattempted to make my Duty appear; and tho' all things prove in vain, you ſhall not fail to be as happy as I can make you.*

Though this was but the repetition of the aſſurances which ſhe had often given him before, ſhe cou'd not hide her bluſhes, which added to the Colour her Walk

had given her, made her look moſt deliciouſly charming.

Time was ſwallow'd up in this happy Conference; and, to ſay Truth, they had walk'd till Midnight before they found the day was gone, being ſo well ſupply'd with Light from the propitious Moon.

Mellecinda was miſs'd by thoſe of the Family, who without farther ſcrutiny, gave the Alarm that ſhe was gone away with *Artaxander*. This Report no ſooner reach'd an old Servant that had been long about the Dutcheſs, but ſhe thought it her Duty to be the firſt Meſſenger of the News, whether it be good or bad, falſe or true. This touch'd the Mother of *Mellecinda* ſo ſenſibly, that ſhe took no time to act reaſonably, or to look back upon the dutiful courſe of her Daughter's Life; but ſhe got up in her Night-gown, and immediately fell to make her Diſpatches, one one way, and another t'other; till, in fine, the whole Houſe grew into Confuſion, no one knowing from whom the Report proceeded; but let it ariſe how it wou'd, the ſureſt way of ſuppreſſing it was the appearance of *Mellecinda*. But when we dream of falling off a Precipice, or that our Houſe is

in

in Flames, or of any other thing that throughly frightens us, we can hardly believe the imagin'd Danger over, when we awake and find our selves safe in Bed: So it was with *Mellecinda*'s Mother; for though her Daughter came in that minute, her Passion was not allay'd; for having heard that *Artaxander* had been with her, she supposed them married, and fell very severely on *Mellecinda*, and commanded her never to see *Artaxander*; in order to which she made her write a Letter to him from her Dictates to this effect: That 'tis her Mother's Command to tell him, she was resolved never to see his face, and that her Daughter must follow her Example, which she would obey: It was concluded with great Indifference and Coolness, and the Dutchess took upon her the care of sending it.

This done all retired to Bed, though I would not promise that all went to sleep; for *Mellecinda* could take no rest till she had writ another Letter to prevent this. Without closing her fair Eyes lay *Gloriana* and she some hours, in consulting what was to be pursued; for 'twas obvious enough that *Mellecinda*'s perverse Fortune was upon the return, and that this piece of Indiscretion which she had

now been guilty of, in walking so late with *Artaxander*, wou'd, no doubt, be the occasion of a more lasting and tedious Eloynment.

She saw all the Avenues stopp'd up, and that she was blockaded by Ten thousand Difficulties hardly to be encountered: But, according to the old Maxim,

'Tis in vain by Force or Skill
To stop the Current of a Woman's Will.

For before it was light she found a way for *Gloriana*'s Page to escape unseen to *Artaxander*, to whom he delivered her Letter; which was thus.

To *Artaxander.*

'HOW unhappy are the poor Lovers who lie under the tyrannical 'Government of others, who not hearing their sighs, nor feeling their pains, 'do persecute us with the noise of Discretion continually sounding in our 'ears: This Word I often hear; but 'they tell me I have totally forfeited my 'Title to the thing meant by it: For 'my part I know nothing of it; but I 'could wish I had not been abroad so late 'with you last Night, though I can hardly 'find in my heart to regret it for any other

'other reason than that the happy hour
'is past, and will not quickly return
'again, as you will perceive in a few
'Moments, by a Letter my Mother will
'send you in my hand; but the cruel
'Sence is hers, and I have taken care that
'you shall have this before that can reach
'you; and sure this may be an effectual
'Antidote against the Poison which that
'seems to carry, since it goes loaded with
'the truest Love of

Mellecinda.

The little Page having been a Witness of the Uproar, and the occasion of it, left *Artaxander* a Stranger to nothing that had past in the Night: He wish'd for the worst that they feared, and was sorry to find their Jealousie so ill grounded; but he knew that if any thing was capable of moving *Mellecinda* to shake off her Shackles, it must be when she finds them uneasie; and what most amazes him, is, That a Creature so young, and yet tolerably susceptible of a Passion, should notwithstanding remain so unmoveable, when 'tis obvious enough that Ladies of the most mature Judgment have truckled to their Fate in Matters of

Love, and do generally break through all things that do obſtruct, and ſtep over every thing that lies in the way to their Happineſs.

And though *Mellecinda* proceeded otherwiſe, yet he might attribute her Reſerve in this Matter to the ſtrict hand her Mother had always uſed toward her; which had ſo ſtupified her Spirits, that ſhe durſt not undertake any extraordinary thing without ſomething of encouragement; beſides, that ſhe was of a Humour very eaſily daunted and ſuppreſs'd, which laid *Artaxander* under a neceſſity of changing his Methods; ſo that he anſwered her Letter by the Page, without ſignifying any thing of his Advice to her, neither did he betray any thing of a querelous Humour.

Sometimes he reſolved to act ſome violence upon himſelf, and to try what influence his ſeeming Obedience to her Mother's Command might have upon her: *But then* (ſaid he) *Abſence, tho' never ſo ſhort, repreſents ſo much of eternal Separation that I ſhall never be able to undergoe it, though but a day or two, that Experiment will be of too great Expence. No, no, ſhould my angry Stars refuſe me admittance, 'tis the worſt they can do, and I never*

never will be found consenting to my own Fate; I will rather take Courage, and upbraid Mellecinda (*who is truly my Guardian Angel*) *that she is deficient in her Concern for me, if she can stand by, and suffer such Injustice.*

Since 'tis in her Power to preserve me, I will boldly say to her, That those who permit, and may prevent an Evil, are equally guilty with those who actually engage; she knows that I cannot live without her; and yet does she trifle with my Fate. But, oh! Artaxander, *unhappy* Artaxander! *whither does thy transporting Passion hurry thee? For shame compose thy Love-sick Brain, and then think, then thou may'st think on* Mellecinda, *and how much she has suffered for thy sake: then embracing her Knees, suffer thy Raptures to run in admiration of her Goodness: Forbear to capitulate, since thy proper Station is at the Feet of that most excellent Creature. Cease then, fond Heart, cease to complain, since such guilty murmuring is injurious. Art thou an avowed Slave? and canst thou regret to wear the most glorious Chains? Dost thou pretend to adore, and groan when made a Sacrifice?*

I cannot ſay how long he would have gone on in talking thus to himſelf; though I dare ſay the Perturbations of his mind were ſo great, that he would not have fixed upon any thing of a Reſolution; for ſometimes one thought was moſt eligible, and ſometimes another: But this profound Melancholy was interrupted by his moſt intimate Friend, *Zebaim*, who had often done him ſuch Services, by uſing him without Ceremony: for coming at this time into his Chamber, he found *Artaxander* diveſted of all his airy Humour; nay, ſo fix'd were his Eyes upon a Picture which he held in his hand, that he let his Friend ſtand a conſiderable time unregarded, *Zebaim* gazing no leſs at him, than he did at his Miniateur: Then ſtarting, to find one juſt at his Elbow, when he thought on nothing leſs than being ſeen in that Poſture, he returned the little Image into his Breaſt again, where it had long found a welcome Reception.

Artaxander bluſh'd as he ſpoke, and ſaid, *Think not, dear* Zebaim, *that the diſorder which you obſerve in me, is done by that which you will call my Weakneſs; for I do not know that thing upon Earth, which*

which I would prefer before the Service of Mellecinda. *I am arrived to so great a degree of Love, that I glory more in* Mellecinda's *Smiles, than in Triumphs after Victory: Her Charms are more valuable to me than the Royal Purple; and yet this Morning her Tyrant Mother, has sent to forbid me her House Tell me,* Zebaim, *What would you do in all this Love, and all this Affliction?*

Zebaim said, *Now,* Artaxander, *there is some hope of you; for when you ask a Friend's Advice, I hope you will be so just as to pursue it. Know then, that I would leave whining, and fairly run away with the young Lady; and then I would send the old one Word, she should be welcome to follow her Daughter to my House, since she had forbidden me her own.*

What, cry'd *Artaxander, would you act any Violence on your Mistress that you ought to revere?*

Nothing more sure, reply'd *Zebaim, she should have all the Violence that a violent Passion could inspire, or Love cou'd act. But perhaps you are not desperately in Love; if you were you would do more than that, and she won'd like you the better too: For Ladies love to be civilly forced; it saves them ten thousand Blushes in granting your*

Requeſt: and did you never hear, that they hate a modeſt Man, as naturally as we hate an immodeſt Woman? For my part, you ſhall have no pity from me, though I ſee you lie out all night; if (for a fancy) you will go aſtray, when I have pointed you out the ſure way to be happy in good Lodgings.

Artaxander in a grave way look'd upon him as if he had thought him a little diſtracted, and then demanded of him, *Tell me truly,* Zebaim, *and be ſerious* (ſaid he,) *Were you ever in Love?*

Zebaim reply'd, *You have put me to Confeſſion, and it is well if Repentance do not follow: For know,* Artaxander, *that I have often complained of the Power of that blind Deity, when I never felt the ſmart: As often I've play'd the part ſo well, that I have paſs'd for a Votary; and at the ſame time I have paid my Devotion to ſeveral Shrines at once. But now,* Artaxander, *don't laugh at me if I tell you the reſt. In fine, I fear I am in Love; for Love in me, was wont to extend it ſelf to all, like Sunſhine, at leaſt it wou'd have ſhined on all that were not under the ſhelter of an ugly Face; and now I cannot make Love to any other, but the Love of* Gloriana *flaſhes in my Face like a guilty Conſcience, and gives*

my

my Tongue the Lye. Tell me, you that are the great Maſter of that Science, is this Love? or is it not?

Why in truth (ſaid *Artaxander*) *this is very like it, and may come to ſomething in time, with good uſage. A Flame for* Gloriana *is worth the cheriſhing: but I'll paſs a better Judgment on your Paſſion, when I know the continuance of it; for Love's not true that is not laſting: though I am afraid you are gone, for you have ſported ſo long upon the Brinks, that I always expected to ſee you fall in at laſt. Had you not nam'd* Gloriana *for the Object, I ſhould have thought your Love like the Aerial Fantoms that ſwim before our Eyes when we are falling into a gentle Slumber, and makes us ſtart, wake, and wonder what's become of it: But* Gloriana *cannot ſtrike in vain; A Wound from* Gloriana *is not eaſily to be cured. Like a Friend and Phyſician I adviſe, That you take heed of healing it too ſoon, for 'twill ſurely break out again, and then it will rankle and kill the Patient.*

Thou art a very melancholy Comforter, ſaid *Zebaim.*

But all Endeavours I will try,
To cure the Poyſon of her Eye;

And

And if her Eyes muſt fatal prove,
A Balmy Lip ſhall ſoften Love.

Artaxander ſmil'd, and ſaid, *Who would not be charm'd with ſuch a Lover? But* (continued he) *Zebaim, I heartily wiſh your Conduct may be ſo great in this new Affair, that* Gloriana *may receive your Paſſion well*: Though he found no great Reaſon to queſtion or doubt of his Friend's Succeſs, conſidered as a pretty young Gentleman; who for his Wit or Fortune, had ſo great a ſhare in each, that he might have been a little extravagant in either, without much prejudice to him. After much ſerious Diſcourſe, *Artaxander* promis'd to get *Mellecinda* to intereſt her ſelf in his Favour: He hoped too, that under Umbrage of *Zebaim*'s Love to *Gloriana*, he might have better Opportunities to ſee or hear from *Mellecinda*. For *Artaxander* had not a thought but ſhe was concerned in it; and all his Actions were dedicated to her, though abſtracted from this one Point, he was the moſt diſintereſted of any body, and a Friend without deſign.

For this time they parted; but they were not like to remain long aſunder, ſince they were in Love as well as Friend-

Friendſhip joyned. *Artaxander* retired to purſue the Buſineſs of the day, and reſolved to make *Zebaim* the Meſſenger of his Mind, which he expreſs'd in theſe Words:

To *Mellecinda.*

'HOW will *Mellecinda* bear to hear her ſelf reproached by the afflicted *Artaxander*, with the Name of 'Inſenſible, Cruel, or Unkind? and yet 'how juſtly may I complain if I durſt 'ſay any thing diſpleaſing? Are you not 'too inſenſible of the Miſery I labour under while I am deprived of your Sight? 'or otherwiſe would you not ſhorten this 'intolerable Eloynment? Is it not Cruelty 'in a high degree to leave my chief Happineſs in the Power of one that (you know 'too well) takes pleaſure in ſeeing me 'tormented? It would not conſiſt well 'with the Notion I have of Mercy, if 'our Monarch ſhould only reprieve a 'condemned Innocent during the pleaſure of an inplacable Enemy, and a 'violent Proſecutor. For my part, I had 'rather chooſe my Death from the Hand 'of an Executioner, melting, and tender-'hearted, than from a bloody Villain

'who

'who laughs at my Anguish. The Fault 'of the famous Flatterer is not mine; 'then why should his Punishment be 'mine: For, my charming *Mellecinda*, 'you have plac'd before me all the ra-'vishing Delights that must surround a 'Man of Love; but you have given a 'Sword into the Hand of your Mother, 'which is always ready to cut the 'Thread, in which is hung the Dagger 'which threatens by my Ruin, to prevent 'my Enjoying. Can you think on me, and 'not imagine me half distracted with this 'sudden turn of Fate? For shame, *Mellecin-'da*, cast off all Bonds, but the soft easie 'Chains of Love, and leave it not in For-'tune's Power to make *Artaxander* mi-'serable.

'And since he lives not but in thy dear 'Embraces, let me not languish in Ba-'nishment, but take Courage, and resign 'to me the Right that Love has given 'me in the beautiful *Mellecinda*. My 'Aunt will wait upon you, and assist 'your Escape to her House, where you 'shall be attended by the longing, impa-'tient, and faithful

Artaxander.

He

He proceeded to make *Zebaim* his Proxy, by whom, and by whose management he promis'd himself Success, by having his Letter delivered into the hand of *Mellecinda* without Suspicion. But, to make a sad Demonstration that the Misfortunes of these Lovers were rather now beginning, than any way near a Period. *Artaxander* found his Friend just returned from a Rencounter, which was first begun by the Servants, upon a stop of Coaches in the Street; but it went so far, that their Lords and all their Friends were drawn in to engage at last: And in this unlucky Combat *Zebaim* was wounded, with Two or Three more. And though his Danger was not great, the Disappointment was very great to *Artaxander*, in losing the present Advantage of such a Friend, who was able to render him so considerable a Service.

But to make no delay in sending his Letter, he singled out one of his Servants, who being a new Comer, and consequently unknown at the Dutchess's House: him he appointed to be the Bearer, having furnish'd him with Directions, together with a Box of Perfumes, Patches, Gloves, and such lit-

tle

tle Knacks as are carryed about to Ladies Chambers; and in the Finger of a Glove he contrived a Billet, which she could not fail to find upon trying on the Gloves; which she never miss'd to do.

But after all this Stratagem poor *Artaxander* is fallen into a Net spread for him by the old Dutchess: For this Fellow whom he employed, was put about him by her to betray him, by letting her know all things that he could hear in *Artaxander*'s Family. To begin, he carried this Letter streight to the Mother of *Mellecinda*; and she forthwith called her Council together, what was next to be done. It was long debated, whether or no the Letter should go forward to *Mellecinda*; and then, that the Messenger of Hell should bring back her Answer to them, that so the whole Secret might be discovered. But if *Mellecinda* sees the Letter, *Artaxander* gains his Point. In conclusion, it was resolved, That *Mellecinda*'s Hand should be counterfeited: and that a Letter of their indicting shou'd be returned to *Artaxander*, which might in all probability shake his Constancy, and foment a misunderstanding between them.

The

The management of this Buſineſs was committed to *Veralante*'s care: ſhe was Woman to the Dutcheſs, and counterfeited *Mellecinda*'s Hand ſo well, that had ſhe ſeen the Impoſtor, without knowing the Sence of it, it had certainly paſs'd upon her for her own Writing. The cruel Council determined too, That *Mellecinda* and (her dear Confident) *Gloriana* muſt be ſeparated; and that *Mellecinda*'s Apartments muſt be removed to thoſe within her Mother's; and that all Day ſhe ſhould be admitted to converſe with no body without Witneſs; and under theſe Reſtrictions to remain until the Dutcheſs, by her great Intereſt at Court, might procure a Summons to *Artaxander*'s Honour, whereby once more he may be called abroad.

The Servant was diſpatched without conſulting *Mellecinda*; and, like a very ſedulous Man, delivered his Anſwer to his Maſter, as if he had received it from *Mellecinda*'s own Hand: on which the miſtaken *Artaxander* kiſſed the Paper as he opened it: But then, like *Pandora*'s Box, about flew all its Plagues in theſe Words:

From

From *Mellecinda* to *Artaxander.*

'I Am ſorry I have given you En-
'couragement to think I will be
'acceſſary to my own Rape: But if
'hitherto my Carriage has been ſo im-
'prudent, for the future it ſhall have
'more of reſerve. I conjure you, let
'me hear no more from you by ſuch Ar-
'tifice, which is altogether unneceſſary;
'for nothing ſhall now alter my Reſo-
'lution of being adviſed by my Mother:
'Though I think I ought to inform you
'of it; which is the Errand of this, ra-
'ther than to tell you that I am

Your humble Servant,

Mellecinda.

Twice repeating the ſtrange Concluſion, *Your humble Servant*, Mellecinda, he thus expoſtulated with himſelf; *Oh*, Artaxander! *to what an Abyſs of Miſery art thou hurried! ſhe's falſe after all her Vows! Had it been in the Nature of Women*, Mellecinda *had been true. As ſhe is the Loveliеſt, ſo ſhe is the Softeſt and Beſt of all that perniciouſly fair, and cruel undoing*

doing Sex. Oh, Mellecinda! *I can never forbear to love thee, thou haſt ſuch an Aſcendant over me.* Then calling in the Servant that brought the Letter, he ask'd a Thouſand Queſtions in a Breath: *Tell me*, ſaid he, *thou unlucky Meſſenger, Had you this Letter from* Mellecinda's *own Hand? Sir*, ſaid the Fellow, *ſhe gave it to me with great Secreſie, inclos'd in a Glove, juſt as ſhe received yours. How were her Looks*, ſaid *Artaxander? Did you carefully obſerve them? Sir*, (ſaid the Fellow) *I ſuppoſe no body con'd have forborn to obſerve them, they were ſo very charming; for her Hair was juſt in combing, and lay about her Neck.*— The well-taught Rogue would have purſued to a Deſcription of her Charms (which *Artaxander* knew but too well) had he not interrupted him, ſaying, *Hold, you Dog, that is not pertinent to what I demanded of you. You preſend to recount to me her Charms, which I wiſh I con'd forget: But ſay quickly, ſeemed ſhe angry or pleaſed? To me, Sir*, replyed the Fellow, *ſhe ſeemed more out of Countenance than either. Juſt as ſhe diſmiſs'd me, ſomething ſhe would have ſaid, but that a young Lady came into the Room; at which I knew my Duty, and withdrew. Do ſo again*, ſaid *Artaxander, and leave me; but*

know

know, that if I find thy Conduct to have been amiss in such an Affair, I will Sacrifice thee to the cruellest Torments I can provide for thee.

No Anchoret ever led a more Monastical Life than *Artaxander* chose during this Banishment; and the change in his Humour was obvious to all, and every body wond'red at the Reason: For no one about the Court was in an easier condition than he appear'd, being under the most auspicious Circumstances with the King.

Before any considerable time was elapsed, *Mellecinda* began to enquire into the unusual remissness which she had reason to observe in her dear *Artaxander*; and tho' she was within a pretty strict Inclosure, yet she believed, that had he attempted it, he might have had admittance to converse with her at the Grate. She could not reasonably believe him False; and yet she could not guess at the strange Alteration: She knew that she had done enough by her last Letter to him, to take off all his severe Thoughts of that which her Mother had forc'd her to send to him: but she made a pretty near Conjecture of the Truth of the whole Mystery; first, by the separating her from *Gloriana*,

and

and by many other Obſervations, which ſhe had taken from the late Tranſactions. Moreover ſhe had learned from ſome of her Keepers, that *Lucidor* had written to her Mother a Narrative of all his Story, which he alledged was a Sham, and a Plot contrived between *Artaxander*, *Mellecinda*, and *Gloriana*; That they had ſuborned Witneſſes againſt him to take away his Life; which made him fly from his own Houſe, without performing thoſe Complements due to her, for the Honour ſhe had done him. He added too, that *Artaxander* had been concealed by *Mellecinda*, and that ſhe frequently correſponded with him, under a borrowed Name, during their ſtay at his Houſe, with every thing elſe that he thought might move her to reſtore him to her good Graces again; which was not very unattainable, conſidering the unlucky time he had found out to make his Application: I call it an unlucky time becauſe it was ſo to *Mellecinda*: Nor is it much the contrary to *Lucidor*; for all his Proceedings in this Amour tend eminently to his Ruin, not one Step that he makes but it moves to his Unhappineſs: I wiſh he were ſo alone; but it is ſo decreed, that he muſt have too

good

good Company: However that Afternoon he made the Dutcheſs a Viſit; and, no doubt, he expoſed the whole Intrigue of the *German* Count.

The Mother and he may agree as they think fit; but *Mellicinda* cou'd not be prevail'd upon to ſee him; ſhe made a firm reſiſtance both to the Commands, Intreaties, and Menaces of her Mother: But though in this ſhe maintained her ground very well, yet ſoon ſhe loſt a conſiderable Advantage; for ſome Friends of *Artaxander*'s came to make her a Viſit, from whom ſhe might have heard ſomething of him; but the old Lady's heat not being allay'd in the Concern of *Lucidor*, ſhe utterly refuſed to permit them to ſee her Daughter, though they were diſtinguiſh'd by too great Quality to have been ſo treated; but they apprehended the thing rightly, and cou'd not then be much at a loſs to find out all the Cauſe of *Artaxander*'s Malady.

They went ſtreight to intrude into his Retirement, and told him in Raillery the whole Story, how they were uſed by the Dutcheſs; they inform'd him too what Company ſhe had; for they ſaw *Lucidor*'s Coach at her Door. Hearing that *Lucidor* was with the Dutcheſs, *Artax-*

ander

ander laugh'd, and said, *Does that young Gentleman begin to peep abroad? He is truly one of the most glorious Youths of his Time: He has been taught the Maxims of Honour by his Dancing-Master; and in those, I think, he is no great Proficient: He saw that his Friends were inclin'd to be merry; and he had compliance enough to make a semblance of Mirth, which was a burden to his Inclination, and did not escape being perceived by his Company*: On which they made a motion of Departure; but *Artaxander* made a private notice to one of them, that he should feign some Business with him, and stay behind the rest; which done, *Artaxander* said to him, *I will not go about to inform you of that to which few are Strangers; and since you know my Love to* Mellecinda, *and* Lucidor's *ridiculous pretence, Go* Dorax, (so was he called) *Go, and give him a Message from me: I need not tell you what you are to say, in* Punctilio, *that were to do you wrong; but tell him, I do require him to desist not only his Visits there, but I expect he shall satisfie my Honour for some past Indignities he has done to* Mellecinda *in my absence: Tell him too that he knows best his behaviour towards me; and therefore he knows what he must expect from me.*

Dorax

Dorax, who was a Gentleman of ſignal Bravery and nice Honour, was infinitely pleaſed to find himſelf ſingled out by *Artaxander* to do him Service; and therefore with much Alacrity he went to *Lucidor*, whom he found at a Tavern having drank very plentifully; perhaps, it was what ſome Clowns would call his *Welcome to Town*: But *Dorax* intended to complement him more like a Gentleman, though in another manner; and having taken another room, he poſted himſelf conveniently, and ſent for *Lucidor*, to whom he delivered in ſhort all he had to ſay from his Friend; and (added he) *I have the Honour to ſerve* Artaxander *againſt you; and I do not doubt but you will come provided: The Place is in the Park by the Spring-Well, under the five ſpreading Elms, at Sun-riſe to morrow: Your Arms muſt be the beſt Sword you can get. If you will make any addition or alteration as to your Weapon, or the Time, or the Place,* Artaxander *reſigns that Privilege to you.*

Lucidor, being enſpirited with Wine, received the Meſſage undauntedly, and returned *Artaxander* Thanks for the Opportunity he had given him, (he being juſt come to Town) and ſaid, *Dorax, Tell your Friend I will be punctual; and I do expect to find him ſo too.*

Dorax

Dorax being returned to *Artaxander*, both these Friends quitted their Lodging, and took others that night, as is usual, for fear of being prevented; while their *Antagonist* and his Friend took less Care; and in the morning found themselves under Confinement with Sentinels; and you know that Sentinels may keep us within, or keep others out as they please; and though they may be of safety to our Persons, they are ill Guards to our Honour, which they do very often expose to publick view, and ridicule: On the contrary, *Artaxander* and *Dorax* prevented the morning; and before it was perfectly light, they were at the Place appointed; and after staying there more than an hour, they began to think all was not well on *Lucidor*'s side, which made *Artaxander* swell with Anger, to find himself disappointed of so fair an Expectation of Revenge.

But as they were drawing from the Field with Shame instead of Victory, they met a Servant of *Lucidor*'s who delivered this Letter.

To Artaxander.

'THink not, too happy *Artaxander*, 'that this unfortunate Arreſt I am 'in at preſent, will laſt always: Neither 'think that the advantage you receive by 'it, proceeds from any daſtardly Blood 'in me; for be aſſured that as ſoon as I 'receive my Liberty, you ſhall have cer-'tain intimation, and feel the Effects 'of it in the Revenge of your injured 'Rival,

Lucidor.

Having peruſed this imperious Letter, *Artaxander* was all over Paſſion, and only ſaid to the Servant, *Tell your Maſter from me, that if I could believe him I would forgive him: That's all, Friend, Go about your Buſineſs.*

In one Particular *Lucidor* was even with his Word; for his reſtraint laſted no longer than the relieving of the Guards: But *Artaxander*, who had no veneration for the Honour of *Lucidor*, made all Efforts imaginable to meet him conveniently, either to provoke his Sword, or otherwiſe to do himſelf rea-

ſon,

ſon, by rendering him contemptible as well in the Eyes of the Dutcheſs, as in the Opinion of all the World beſides; knowing too that thoſe Sentinels were plac'd upon him by his own Project, the better to elude the Obligation which lay ſo heavy upon him: While *Artaxander*, the better to accompliſh his Obligations, did not appear publickly till he might expect to make a ſhort iſſue of this Point.

At length, by great Aſſiduity, in a few days his faithful Page brought him word that he had ſeen *Lucidor* go towards *Turbeville*, which was the Houſe of the Dutcheſs; and, that he had no body with him but his Servants: This part of the News was not very grateful to *Dorax*, who ambition'd nothing more than the Service of *Artaxander*, whom he thought ſo brave a Friend; and yet he muſt ſtay behind, while *Artaxander* aſſay'd to take the Air in the Park; and, at the return of his Rival, Chance was once ſo propitious to him, as that they met in a Place commodious enough to put a Period to their Diſpute.

At a convenient diſtance each ſtept from his Coach, and walking a ſmall ſpace from their Retinue, who were

ordered to drive on; *Lucidor* (ſaid *Artaxander*) *You had indeed been a Man of Honour, had you deſign'd me this Favour; but, as it is Chance, I take it as ſent from Heaven, to right the injured* Mellecinda. *How!* Artaxander (ſaid *Lucidor*) Mellecinda *injured, and by me! Sure, theſe are reproaches which would provoke the moſt feeble Wretch, and turn him into* Hercules. *Be what you will* (ſaid *Artaxander*) *here's at your Breaſt.*

At the firſt Paſs *Lucidor*'s Foot ſlipp'd, and down he fell: *Is that like* Hercules? (ſaid *Artaxander.*) *Riſe, feeble Wretch, and let me ſee, by thy brave reſiſtance, that thou can'ſt deſerve to die by my Hand. Lucidor* being once more on his Feet, again reply'd, *O let me not ſully my Name with Ingratitude; for, in that my croſs Stars have given my Life into the hands of the generous* Artaxander, *I will not uſe that Life, which you refuſe to take away, otherwiſe than in your Service. Poiſon on my Point, for thy ſake,* ſaid *Artaxander*; *Think not that thy mean Submiſſions ſhall abate the edge of my Revenge; either fight, or (by Hell) I'll kill thee with thy own Sword; for thou art not worthy mine.*

Being thus perſuaded, he once more try'd it again. Then *Lucidor* got within *Artaxander*'s Point, and ſeem'd to cloſe;

close; but he suffered *Artaxander* to take away his Sword: Then said, *You see, Sir, Fortune of War is against me, and will have me owe my Life to a generous Enemy*: At which the exasperated *Artaxander* run the Sword of his Antagonist into the Ground, and broke it; then said in Passion, *Say not, base Coward, that you owe your Life to me; for know yours is the only Life I won'd take away; but Thunder can do no Execution, where it meets no resistance and opposition.*

So this bloodless Battel ended, and each repair'd to his triumphal Chariot: The Truth to tell, *Lucidor* might triumph in his Safety rather than *Artaxander* in his Victory.

The Place of Combat, as well as the occasion, soon sent the report of it to *Turbeville*; and *Mellecinda*, who knew well enough how much she was concerned in it, received a double Satisfaction; First, That her Lover was untouch'd victorious, and still true to her, though in the same instant she could not forbear to mix some sad Reflections on the Reason of his Absence.

Never did any Creature shew a greater Presence of Mind in all the Assaults of her Grief: Never did any one shew a

greater and more manifeſt reſiſtance to all the Cruelties of inexorable Fate, than this extraordinary young Lady, who tranſcended not only all of her Age, but even all of her tender Sex, who certainly were never deſtin'd to ſupport the moſt ponderous weight of Affliction at ſixteen: But to look no farther than this Prodigy in Nature, we may conclude that Age only renders Nature ſtubborn and inflexible; which otherwiſe in Youth is more pliant, and may be inured to all Conditions, whether adverſe or happy, as the Palate ſometimes diſreliſhes ſweet Things, and is only pleaſed with Things bitter; and as ſhe attain'd this extraordinary Faculty of oppoſing her ſelf to her Misfortune, ſo ſhe had acquired another no leſs neceſſary one; which was, That ſhe never appeared tranſported by any thing that pleaſed her, under which Qualification ſhe had a long time concealed her Sentiments concerning Love.

'Twas really a difficult and ſevere Impoſition upon her, to be obliged to ſee Company, and to appear facetious and debonnair, when at the ſame time her heart was ready to break.

Ladies have general Diſcourſes, which ſerve indifferently in all Companies ſo long

long as they continue in fashion; and so they druge off a formal Visit with the Impertinencies of the day: But *Artaxander* was a chief Topick, which often supply'd those of the best Conversation; and particularly, at present, his Duel with *Lucider* was in every body's Mouth, though it was in a great measure superceded by the News of an Insurrection which was made by some Malecontents; and it was to be feared that it wou'd not very easily be suppress'd becaufe it was remote; and especially becaufe that part of the Army which lay thereabout, wanting their pay, gave great Countenance to the Promoters of the Rising.

All the Ladies that visited *Mellecinda* that day, were very full of News; and one Lady very abruptly said, that the King had resolved to go in Person, and that his Equipage was preparing with all the Expedition imaginable; but that he had given *Artaxander* the Honour to go Post before him, to draw together all the Troops in those Quarters, to give out the Rout, with all Things necessary for his Service. She added, That his Commission was very large, being to act at his own Discretion.

In all this Intelligence *Mellecinda*'s Colour changed ſo often, that it was obvious to all: But ſhe made a pretty Apology, ſaying, That of late ſhe had been a little diſcompoſed by ſhort and ſudden Fits of Fainting, which made her aſhamed when they ſeized upon her in ſo improper a time as this, when ſhe had the Honour of Company for which ſhe had ſo great a deference.

She ſent in haſte for *Gloriana*, and gave Order to the Porter that ſhe ſaw no Company for the remaining part of that day. *Gloriana* was not long in coming, to whom ſhe unboſomed her ſelf, as to all things which had happen'd ſince they parted, eſpecially the abſence of *Artaxander*; to which *Gloriana* could give her no great Conſolation, not being able to unfold the fatal Myſtery.

One of the Servants acquainted *Mellecinda* that Monſieur *Drillencour* her Singing-Maſter was below, and begg'd to be admitted: To which *Mellecinda* ſaid to *Gloriana*. *He ſometimes feeds my Melancholy with well-choſe Tunes on his Lute, which I will allow of at this time; though* (ſaid ſhe to the Servant) *tell him I am not diſpoſed to ſing to day; however let him come in.* He had not waſted much time

in

in Preamble, before he told her that *Artaxander*, from whom he came laſt, had obliged him to preſent her with a Song or two; and that he took them to be made by him, becauſe he was not eaſily pleaſed with a Tune; then preſenting her with the Copy, as ſhe read he ſung.

A SONG.

Sylvia *take heed, leſt by your Art*
You loſe Amintor's *heart*;
The Coyneſs which you now put on,
Says Love be gone:
And ſlighted Paſſion may
Smother a while and then decay.
But O! let this your pity move,
I ſtrive to die, but live to love;
Since then a conſtant Fire my heart does burn,
My deareſt Sylvia *turn,*
My fair Apoſtate to your Flames return.

MAdam, after what I have ſaid of the Author, I will not beg your Judgment of the Work, becauſe generally the World ſpeaks in favour of *Ar-*

Artaxander's Wit. *Mellecinda* replied, *I need not speak my Opinion of it otherwise, than I desire to hear it again; and I shall soon learn it, because 'tis short and well-set; but, I think* (said she) *you told me of another by the same hand. 'Pray' do me the Favour to sing it*: Then he presented it to her in *Artaxander's* Writing.

The SONG.

When all my hope is lost,
And I appear a wretched Ghost:
When from the other World I come
With silent steps into your room,
To upbraid thee with my Martyrdom;
Ah! Lindamira, *you'll too late*
Lament my rigid Fate;
Then too late you will repent
My fatal Banishment,
Blaming Duty,
Cursing Beauty;
Crying 'twas I, 'twas I, that did his
Pain create.

I never

I never could imagine any reaſon to believe Artaxander *could juſtly complain of any Severity in his Fate, ſince I know no Man more happy than he has always been in Love-Affairs; and, if I have any gueſs at the Lady he admires, ſhe paſſes as many melancholy Hours as he. Perhaps, I may find a Song in my Cloſet which has ſome relation to this which you gave me laſt, becauſe a Lady, in ſuch a Humour as* Artaxander *repreſents his Man to be. But,* continued ſhe ſmiling, *Wit would be at an end, were there not imaginary Croſſes in Love; but real Croſſes in Love puts us to our Wits end.* Replied Monſieur *Dril'encour; But, Madam, I entreat you to honour me with the Song.*

Mellecinda retired into her Cloſet; and, without ſtaying long there, ſhe delivered him this Paper in her own hand, which ſhe conjured him never to ſhew to any body till he had tranſcribed; but at the ſame time ſhe wiſh'd ſecretly that he would diſobey, and let her Lover ſee it as it was.

A SONG.

Neglect may create a Vizard of Hate,
To disguise my rebellious Love:
But since Force and Art
Cannot ease my sad Heart,
I conceal what I cannot approve.

But my Misery's more, since I still adore,
That I cover the Shackles I wear:
While they eat to the Bone,
I stifle each Groan,
And smile at the Torment I bear.

Without seeking a Cure, my Pain I endure,
That the World may believe I am well;
As the damn'd may appear
Bright Stars to us here,
While their Souls are tormented in Hell.

Then Shepherd too late, you will mourn for my Fate,
When you know what your Jealousie cost:
For if I must prove
A Martyr to Love,
I am sure I shall be the first Ghost.

Moun-

Monſieur *Drillencour* loſt no time, but haſted back to *Artaxander* with the myſterious Song which he received from *Mellecinda*, and gave it to him juſt as he had it from her, not omitting withal to tell him every circumſtance of her reading his; thereby inſinuating her tender Sentiments for him, under pretext of a Lady that made a grateful Return to his Paſſion. While *Drillencour* was preſent, *Artaxander* ſtifled his riſing Joy (which ſo ſoon as he withdrew) broke out in Raptures.

What's this I hear! cry'd he, *Is* Mellecinda *come to her ſelf again! What Analogy is to be found betwixt her cruel Letter and the Treatment I now receive! Let it never enter into thy Heart, oh* Artaxander, *that thy ſtill adored* Mellecinda *can ſink below the Character of a Jilt.*

Fool that thou wert, and too too credulous, to believe even Mellecinda *againſt her ſelf. Had it been poſſible for her to have changed, How would thy late Behaviour have provoked and incenſed her to have believed thee ſtained with Perfidy, and to have cancell'd all her Vows? Who could have believed that Obedience had been Criminal? Who could have imagined that the Abſence which* Mellecinda *commanded ſhould*

should have rendred me guilty of neglect, when Heaven knows my Sufferings? Oh, World! Oh, unaccountable World! thou art all Riddle, which is never to be interpreted according to thy seeming Sence.

But now are thy Eyes open; and, wretched Artaxander, *thou hast only leave to adore, without expectation of ever being further blest in the injoyment of* Mellecinda. *Oh, what a Paradox is this! nay, what a Solœcism is it, to imagine my Passion* Platonick, *when at the same time she does inspire the most ardent Desires? There are indeed degrees of Love; some whereof may be easily contented.*

Thus continually intangling himself with these poring Meditations on his Misfortune, he past his time, and could not find any way open, whereby he might introduce himself to the sight of *Mellecinda* before his departure; for which he waited an Order every instant. And to sum up the result of all his Thoughts, he resolved to go to *Zebaim*, who by this time was able to leave his Room, and in the name of Friendship, to conjure him to convey a Letter to *Gloriana*, with safety into her own Hand: And, having told him how unfortunate his Circumstances were with

Melle-

Mellecinda, he pursued the Orders he had received, and took his Journey, changing the Scene from Love to War.

Zebaim, who was infinitely pleas'd with his Employment; to see that he was capable at once to serve both himself and his Friend, he quickly presented himself and his Message to *Gloriana*.

And since I have no purpose to dilate upon the Happy and Successful Love of *Zebaim* and this fair Lady, I will pass over all things Collateral, and pursue the Story which I have only promis'd so far forth as *Artaxander* and *Mellecinda* are concerned.

Gloriana hastned to *Mellecinda* to shew her the Letter, which was to this purpose:

From

From *Artaxander* to *Gloriana.*

Madam;

'MEN in Misery and Pain, make 'their moan to all that they 'think will afford them any pity, tho' 'it may not be in their Skill to relieve 'them; so to your charitable Good-'ness I complain, having no way left to 'make *Mellecinda* hear my Groans.

'Madam, I know not whether you 'are sensible that her last Letter to me, 'was so full of Indignation, that not-'withstanding she mitigated my former 'Sentence by her Mother's Command; yet 'in this she reiterated the same again, and 'added, that she never wou'd hear from 'me by any Artifice, which was wholly 'useless, she being resolved for the fu-'ture to obey her severe Mother.

'Yet in all this I cease not to adore 'her. Perhaps she has seen a Crime in 'me which has escaped my Knowledge: 'Perhaps the Request I made was too 'bold, and deserves to be punished. But, 'my adorable Friend, let me know by

'you,

'you, to what degree she will allow 'me to love her; and, if it be possible, 'I will not exceed. Let her know 'too, That if I have offended her, the 'Fates have conspired to punish me; 'and if she persists so cruelly to continue 'me in Exile, this Expedition on which 'I am sent, will surely put an end 'to a Life, which *Mellecinda* thinks not 'worth her saving; but the poor re'mains shall be devoted to your Ser'vice, and my Grief, since I am no more 'the happy

Artaxander.

The Astonishment with which *Mellecinda* was seized was ineffable upon reading this Letter, for she found her Lover gone, without taking leave of her, on a false surmise, that she had been the Author of a Letter, to which she was utterly a Stranger. She found that she had met some very unfair dealing, and that her Hand must have been counterfeited; which she hoped to find out by the means of *Martinet*, her Woman, whose Mother must certainly be privy

to

to any thing of that Nature, while all other ways possible must be tryed to lay open the Design.

In all this she rested contented, that if ever she lived to see her Lover again, she would put it out of the power of her Enemies and his to interrupt their mutual Happiness: In order to which, she undertook to answer his Letter to *Gloriana*, and sent it to *Zebaim* by the trusty Page of *Gloriana*; but before it arrived to *Artaxander*, Providence had directed a full discovery of all the Machines that had been formed against his Quiet: For he being set down before a Town, of which the Enemy had possess'd themselves, their Cannon from the Bastions gave him a very warm Salute, and killed many of his Men, before he could bring them under Cover. Among the mortally wounded was found *Artaxander*'s faithless Servant, who had betray'd him to the Dutchess, and as he had procured for his Master many restless Nights, and thoughtful Days, his mischief is fallen justly into his own Bosom, which he was so sensible was by Divine Vengeance, for his Perfidiousness to his Master, that he being at the last Gasp, and out of

danger

danger of living to be an Object of his Master's Fury, he sent for the favourite Page of *Artaxander*, and to him he unburthened his filthy Conscience, as unto a Confessor; declaring the whole Series of his Villainy; how he had been plac'd about his Master by the Dutchess to betray him to her; That he took the first opportunity that offer'd, by delivering his Letter into her Hand, instead of conveying it to *Mellecinda*; That the Return that he brought back, was in reality the Forgery of *Perulanto*; and, That *Mellecinda* was innocent; and though he found that he could not, nor did not deserve to live to see it, yet he hoped they would be happy in one another: To which End, as well as to make Atonement for his Villainy, with his last Words, he begg'd his Master's Pardon, and finished his Discovery.

Artaxander did not long let this Secret burn in his Breast, but instantly dispatched a Courier to *Zebaim*, by whom he continued his Correspondence with *Mellecinda*.

The particular Relation which he gave was the more welcome to her, by reason, the Instrument of detecting the Conspiracy

racy, was so extraordinary, that she hoped it might be an Indication of their future Prosperity, and the Fates were pleased with their innocent Love.

Now were all things settled on the pristine Basis, and a right understanding so restored on such a Foot, that our Lovers could only bemoan their Absence. And *Mellecinda* dreaded *Artaxander*'s Danger; though no Danger could be small to *Artaxander*, either in relation to *Mellecinda*'s concern for him, or his own natural Prowess, which always put him upon some perillous Undertakings. Yet at present he needs not to seek out Danger, which he cannot fail to meet.

His Troops were not all drawn together, and the Enemy had so good Intelligence from his Camp, that they knew to a Man, of what Strength it was, and what numbers were expected; therefore it was determined in a Council of War, That before Day the Besieged should make a Sally, and before the Royal Army became formidable, they should push their Fortune either for Death or Liberty.

About

About the sleepiest part of the Morning the Out-Guards were beaten in, and the Besiegers quitted the Trenches, and retreated in disorder to the Camp, where they were received with as much Gallantry and Order as the Surprize would admit. The King himself, who that Night arrived, undertook the Conduct, while *Artaxander* acted the part of an *Aid de Camp*, rather than that of a General, scouring along the Line between the Shots of both Parties.

The Day seemed long doubtful, nay Victory seemed to incline to the Enemy's side, till *Artaxander* brought up some fresh Troops, which were the Reserve, and fell into their Flanks with so great Fury and Resolution, that having broken their Ranks, he charged through; and, if it were civil to say it, the King being in the Action, 'twas *Artaxander*'s Bravery that chang'd the Success of that Day, and brought Victory over to one side.

Madam, I am forc'd to make a short Digression from Love, which I take to be the Entertainment most *a propo* to Ladies, and to follow *Artaxander* to Field. For tho' *Hudibras* says:

What else is in the World but Love and Battels,

I think all things funeſt are to be laid by when we addreſs to your Charming tender Sex; and therefore, Madam, were I to controul the Fate of *Artaxander*, without regard to the Truth of the fatal Story, were I to write as generally Men do, only to divert, that *Artaxander* ſhould live, and *Melleonda* ſhould be happy; but you are ſenſible that it is otherwiſe.

For after performing Wonders, and ſignalizing himſelf in the Battel; for *Artaxander* was always ſeen where moſt of Danger was; till at length the King perceiving him all beſmeared with Blood, and fanſying him ill wounded, he laid his Commands upon him to retire, and take care of himſelf: To which he anſwered with a profound Reſpect, *That his Wounds were yet ſo ſlight, that they would only ſerve to put him in mind, that he had the Honour to ſerve ſo brave a Maſter.* And without all peradventure they had only proved Honourable Scars, had not the moſt precipitate neglect in the World, added to the Heat of the Weather,

ther, and the Action, put him into a Fever, which haſtned his Fate.

But above all, give me leave to obſerve to you, That Love kills, tho' more ſlowly, yet as ſurely as a Cannon Bullet. For no ſooner had *Artaxander* received the welcome Letter of *Mellecinda*, but he bleſs'd thoſe Wounds that gave him ſo juſt a pretence of flying to her Embraces, which the firſt Days Travelling changed into Death's cold Arms; his loſs of Blood made every Face look pale; his loſs of Life ſtruck a Chilneſs and benumb'd Stupidity thro' every Heart. But ſure the manner of his Death muſt mightily aggravate, if any thing can aggravate, ſo great a Misfortune to *Mellecinda*: For his impatience to ſee her, finiſh'd what the fight had but begun, and love proved the Principal, his Wounds but the ſecond Cauſe of his Funeral.

As near as could be computed, 'twas the ſame Night which carried her Lover hence, and near the diſmal Moment in which poor *Mellecinda* dreamt, that ſhe was dreſs'd up in a white Veil, with a Train that was ſo long ſhe could not ſee the end of it; which Train was held up by Affliction, Miſery, Woe, Deſpair;

Deſpair; and as far as ſhe could ſee was Solitude; all the Supporters were dreſs'd in Sable Darkneſs: And in this diſmal Proceſſion ſhe was met by *Lucidor*, who led her to the Temple by the light of Torches: And as ſhe paſt through a *Meadow* the Leaves fell from the Trees, and the Flowers wither'd under her Feet, and from the Door ſhe was ſung into the middle of the Temple, by a Choir of Scriech-Owls and Ravens; and from thence to the Chancel by a Conſort of Syrens.

Then ſhe thought ſhe heard a Voice behind her ſay,

So Syrens Songs as ſurely Death implies,
As Ravens Croaking, or the Scriech-Owls
Cries.
Once happy Mellecinda, *now no more,*
Look to the Eaſt, *and ſee whom you adore.*

Then ſhe ſaw over the Altar the Picture of *Artaxander*, with his Breaſt all bloody; at which Sight ſhe gave a great Scriech, and awaked in ſuch a trembling and cold Sweat, as if ſhe had felt the Agonies of Death. Then throwing her fair Arms about the Neck of *Glorſana*, and holding her as hard as drowning Men

Men do the first thing they can lay their Hands on, she, all drown'd in Tears, said, *I have just now seen such a Sight as would turn thee into Stone, should I but repeat the horrid Vision.*

Oh, Gloriana! *my dear* Artaxander! *Oh,* Gloriana! *hold me fast, or I shall fly out of thy Arms to pursue the charming Vision. Methinks he would have spoke to me.——— Oh,* Gloriana! *if it had been my* Artaxander *he would ——— He look'd at me as if he had something to say to me; and just as he opened his Mouth, a Convulsion stopp'd his most precious Breath—— Say quickly, who can, that I have caused my* Artaxander's *Death——Have I murthered my own Life!——Why does he shew his bloody Breast to me!——— Oh,* Artaxander! *cannot thy* Mellecinda's *Tears wash away those Spots of Blood?——— He's there again! see how he swims before my Eyes!——He calls me too!——— Did you not hear him call?——Unhand me, cruel* Gloriana; *let me follow my* Artaxander*——He's gone again! But stay, he sits at my Bed's Head and sings—— Was not that his Voice! more sweet than* Orpheus *when he charm'd the infernal Spirits, and thence stole his Wife.———*

Thus the distracted *Mellecinda* continued raving, till the Physicians prescribed her a *Narcotick* Dose, that put her into a sleep, so sound, that they were in hopes her Phrensie would abate when she came to her self again: But so great was the impression of the Apparition, that she drew the deepest, heaviest Sighs all the while she slept, so that you would have expected that her Heart would break. You would wonder how the unexhausted Treasure of her Lungs would have afforded Breath enough to supply, where it was so prodigally spent.

Thus continued she many Days, without any semblance of Life but that of her Sighs: And though the News of *Artaxander*'s Glorious share in the Victory, was immediately pursued by the News of his Death, yet *Mellecinda* needed no second stroak to confirm to her the cause of her Grief. And though to all Appearance she lay so insensible, yet she heard all that was said by her Friends, who began to curse the Physician's Art, fearing that she might sleep her last. At length they tryed what effect they cou'd find by Cupping, Scarifying, and tormenting her, to make her appear sensible

ſenſible of pain; which yet was ſo violent in poor *Mellecinda*, that ſhe needed no Acceſſion of Artificial Tortures.

How unhappy are we, when even Death denies us the common Benefit, which ſhe ſooner or later affords to all the miſerable Race of Mankind, and which is a certain Cure for all our Maladies; but to the afflicted ſhe adds Affliction, by prolonging their pain. Nevertheleſs *Mellecinda* in ſpight of death will die, or at leaſt leave the deteſted World, by burying her ſelf in a Monaſtery of the ſtricteſt Order, where ſhe became a Recluſe; leaving her Mother a moſt diſconſolate melancholy Lady; who hated the Sight of *Lucidor*, to whoſe Folly ſhe imputed the whole Calamity of her Houſe.

Yet, Madam, I am told that *Lucidor* has petitioned the King, ſetting forth, and impudently affirming, that *Mellecinda* was ſolemnly contracted to him in preſence of her Mother, and a Prieſt, and ceaſes not to diſturb the Quiet of the charming Unfortunate, maugre all the ſtrictneſs of the Incloſure, while her Thoughts are of Heaven, and to follow *Artaxander*.

Madam,

I hope the Misfortune of so brave a Man as *Artaxander* may a little mollifie the obdurate Hearts of Ladies, who value themselves upon the great numbers of mischievous Trophies, which they continually raise to their Beauties, not weighing the fatal Consequence to us, not considering the pernicious Effects, which their ill-plac'd Rigour, and mistaken Maxims of Discretion bring home to themselves, sometimes to the ruin of their own Quiet.

I hope your Ladyship lives free from the Guilt of this Reflection; not but that I must take the boldness to tell you, though the Evils you cause are more innocent, because less designed; yet are your silent Slaves equal in number, and superiour in torment to those of the greatest Tyrant. I may say our Tortures are more exquisite, because we dare not complain; and, as Mutes are prest'd to Death, so may we burst with the pressure of our Grief, rather than plead our own Cause.

But

But whither am I about to wander, Madam? I muſt haſten home, leaſt being benighted in ſo ſpacious a Field as your Praiſes, I ſhall never be able to find the way out again, and ſo ſhall ſwell this humble Letter into a Volume bigger than Skins can bind.

But leaſt what I have already written may be leſs diverting than I intend it, I will circumſcribe it within the Bounds of Modeſty, and will here break of this part of the Story of Melancholy *Melicinda*.

FINIS.

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19 *Cambyſes* King of *Perſia*, a Tragedy.
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25 Country Wife.
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28 Commonwealth of Women.
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30 *Caius Marius.*

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31 *Darius* King of *Persia*, a Tragedy.
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33 Destruction of *Jerusalem*, in two Parts.
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E

38 *Epsom-Wells*.
39 *English Monsieur*.
40 Esquire *Old-Sap*, or the Night Adventures.
41 *Essex* and *Elizabeth*, or the Unhappy Favourite.
42 Empress of *Morocco*.
43 Evening Love, or Mock Astrologer.

F

44 Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom.
45 The Fond Husband, or Plotting Sisters.
46 Fool turn'd Critick.
47 The Fatal Wager.
48 Fatal Jealousie.
49 False Count.

G

50 Gentleman Dancing-Master.
51 Generous Enemies, or the Ridiculous Lovers.

52 *Gloriana*, or the Court of *Augustus Cæsar*.
53 Grateful Servant.

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54 The Humourist, a Comedy.
55 *Henry* the Sixth, or the Misery of Civil-War.
56 *Henry* the Sixth, or the Murther of the Duke of *Glocester*, the 2d Part.
57 *Hamlet* Pr. of *Denmark*, a Tragedy.
58 Humorous Courtier.
59 The *Hollander*.

I.

60 Injur'd Princess.
61 *Julius Cæsar*.
62 Island Queen, or *Mary* of *Scotland*.
63 *Indian* Emperour, or the Conquest of *Mexico* by the *Spaniards*.

K.

64 King and no King.
65 King *Lear*.

L.

66 The Libertine destroy'd.
67 Little Thief.
68 Love Tricks.
69 *Lucius Junius Brutus*.
70 Loyal Brother.

M.

71 Maids Last Prayer, a Comedy.
72 Marriage Hater match'd, a Comedy.
73 Marriage a la-Mode.

74 Miser.
75 *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*.
76 Madam *Fickle*, or the Witty False One.
77 Mr. *Limberham*, or the Kind Keeper.
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85 Massacre of *Paris*.

N.

86 *Nero*, a Tragedy.
87 Notes on the Emperour of *Morocco*, by the Wits.
88 Noble Stranger.

O.

89 *Oedipus* King of *Thebes*.
90 Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage.

P.

91 *Pastor Fido*, a Pastoral.
92 Plain-Dealer.
93 *Philaster*, or Love lies a bleeding.

R.

94 The *Rape*, a Tragedy.
95 Rival-Ladies.
96 Royal Shepherdess.
97 *Rare-en-tout*, a *French* Comedy.

98 Re-

98 Rehearsal.
99 Reformation.
100 Royal King.
101 Rover, Second Part.
102 *Rollo* Duke of *Normandy*.

S.

103 She wou'd if she cou'd.
104 Sir *Solomon*, or the cautious Coxcomb.
105 Sir *Fopling-Flutter*, or the Man of Mode.
106 Sir *Courtly Nice*.
107 Sir *Robert Howard*'s five Plays.
108 Sullen Lovers.
109 *Sertorius*, a Tragedy.
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111 Soldiers Fortune.
112 Atheist, or the Second Part of the Soldiers Fortune.
113 Strange Discovery.
114 St. *Patrick* for *Ireland*.
115 *Spanish* Friar.
116 Siege of *Memphis*.
117 Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen.

T.

118 *Theodosius*, or the Force of Love.
119 *Thyestes*, a Tragedy.
120 *Tamerlain* the Great.
121 Town *FOP*, or Sir *Tim. Tawdry*.
122 *Troylus* and *Cressida*.
123 *Timon* of *Athens*, or the Man-hater.

V.

124 *Virtuoso.*
125 Valiant *Scot.*
126 *Valentinian.*
127 Virtuous Wife, or *Good Luck* at last.

W.

128 Wit without Money.
129 Woman Bully.
130 The Wedding.
131 Woman Captain.

FINIS.